SUNNY · SONGS · FOR LITTLE · FOLKS

HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY
5707 WEST LAKE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

SUNNY SONGS FOR LITTLE FOLKS

NUMBER ONE

FOR THE KINDERGARTEN, AND THE PRIMARY AND JUNIOR DEPARTMENTS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

CONTRIBUTORS

W. A. POST, W. S. MARTIN, I. O. HOFFMAN,
THORO HARRIS, IRA B. WILSON,
B. F. BUTTS AND OTHERS

HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO

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100 copies, $10.00 by express, not prepaid.

A FOREWORD

The name of this book indicates its purpose and special field.

Most of the songs in the collection are new, and all of them, in both poetic sentiment and musical construction, have been selected with special reference to the needs of children of tender years. It is the opinion, and wish, of the publishers that they will meet, at least in part, the ever present need for something new, melodious and original.

Sufficient books should be secured to give each child a copy, and it is suggested that the books be taken home occasionally, with a written request from the teacher that the songs be sung around the fireside.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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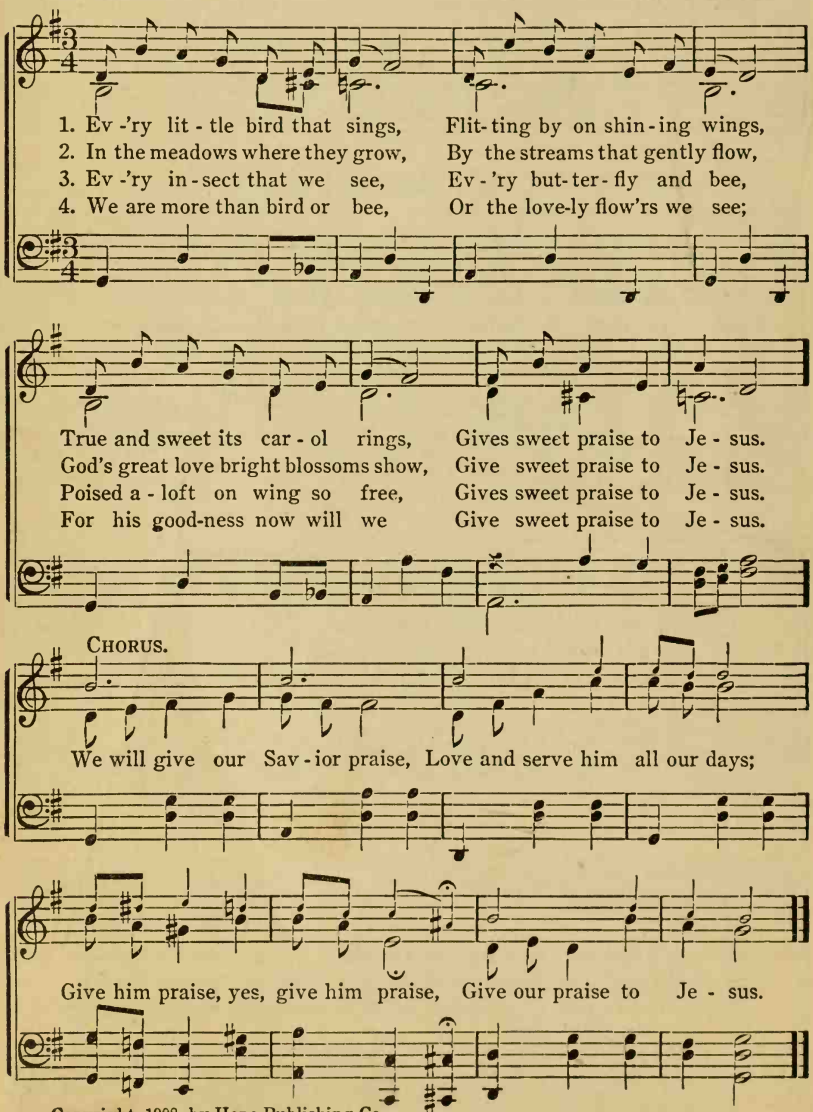
Sunny Songs For Little Folks.

Number One.

1 Give Him Praise.

ADA BLENKHORN. IRA B. WILSON.


1. Ev -'ry lit - tle bird that sings, Flit- ting by on shin - ing wings,
2. In the meadows where they grow, By the streams that gently flow,
3. Ev -'ry in - sect that we see, Ev - 'ry but- ter - fly and bee,
4. We are more than bird or bee, Or the love-ly flow'rs we see;
True and sweet its car - ol rings, Gives sweet praise to Je - sus.
God's great love bright blossoms show, Give sweet praise to Je - sus.
Poised a - loft on wing so free, Gives sweet praise to Je - sus.
For his good-ness now will we Give sweet praise to Je - sus.
CHORUS.
We will give our Sav - ior praise, Love and serve him all our days;
Give him praise, yes, give him praise, Give our praise to Je - sus.

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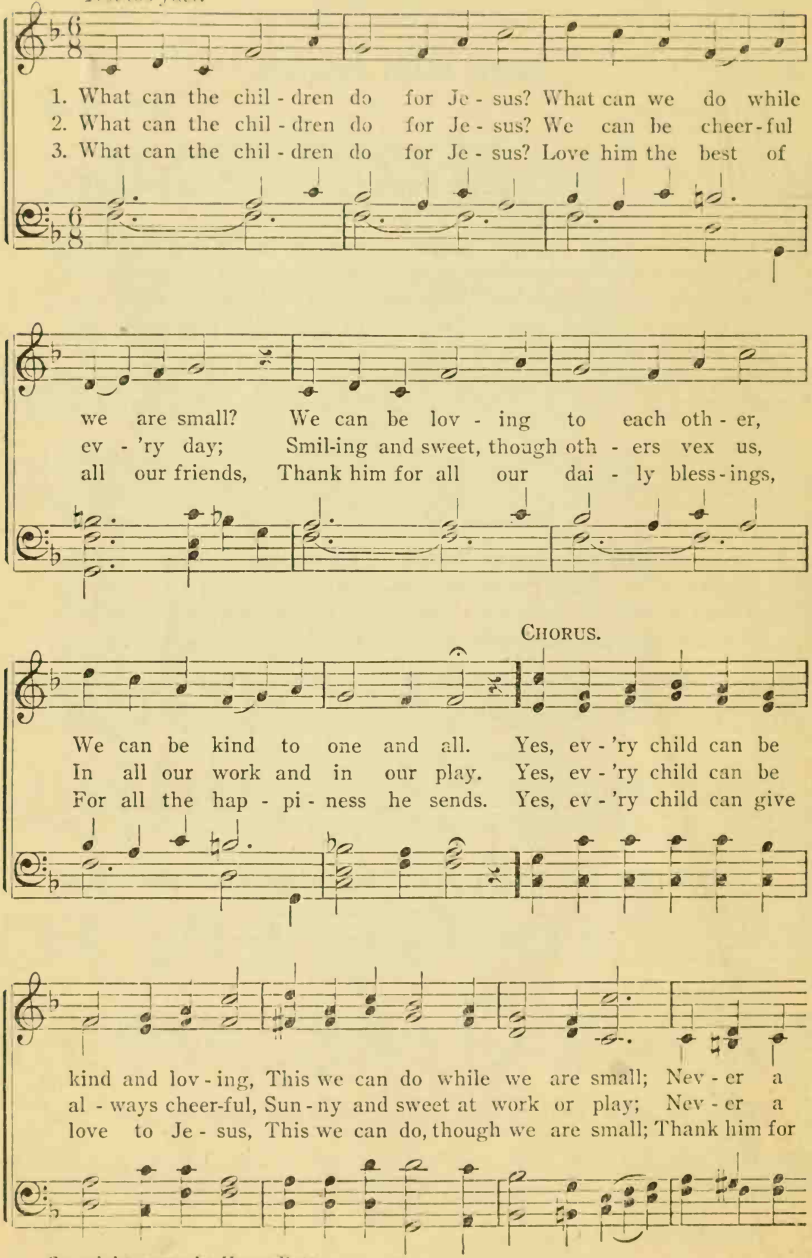
2 What the Children Can Do.

JULIA E. BURNARD. M. L. MCPHAIL.

Not too fast.

1. What can the chil - dren do for Je - sus? What can we do while
2. What can the chil - dren do for Je - sus? We can be cheer - ful
3. What can the chil - dren do for Je - sus? Love him the best of
we are small? We can be lov - ing to each oth - er,
ev - 'ry day; Smil-ing and sweet, though oth - ers vex us,
all our friends, Thank him for all our dai - ly bless - ings,
CHORUS.
We can be kind to one and all. Yes, ev - 'ry child can be
In all our work and in our play. Yes, ev - 'ry child can be
For all the hap - pi - ness he sends. Yes, ev - 'ry child can give
kind and lov - ing, This we can do while we are small; Nev - er a
al - ways cheer-ful, Sun - ny and sweet at work or play; Nev - er a
love to Je - sus, This we can do, though we are small; Thank him for

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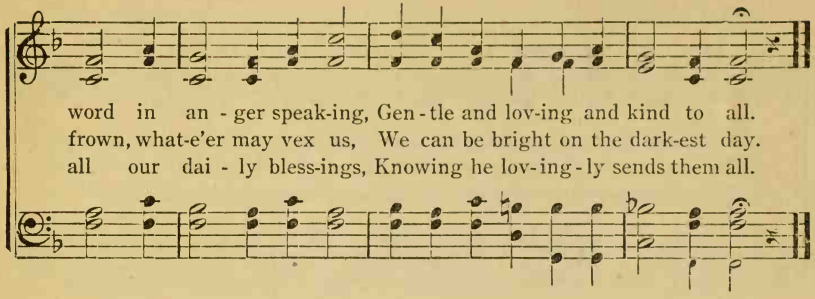
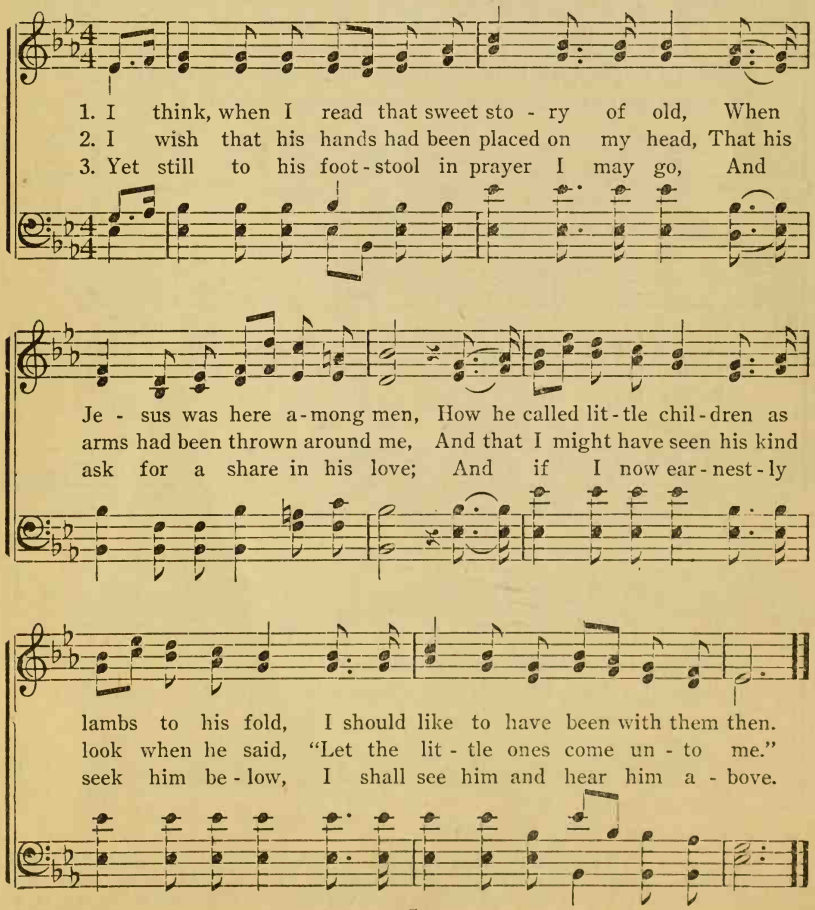
What the Children Can Do.

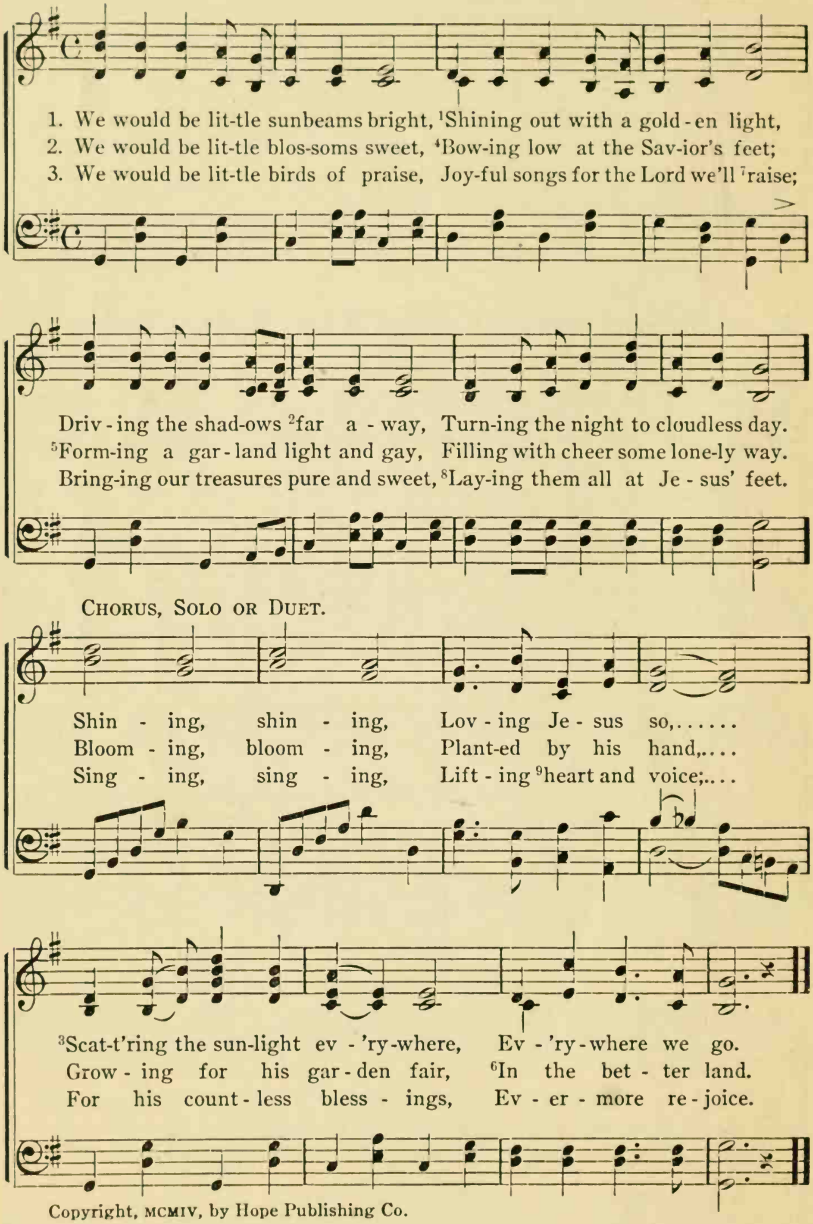

word in an - ger speak-ing, Gen - tle and lov-ing and kind to all.
frown, what-e'er may vex us, We can be bright on the dark-est day.
all our dai - ly bless-ings, Knowing he lov-ing - ly sends them all.

3 I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story.

Mrs. JEMIMA LUKE. Old Melody.


1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his
3. Yet still to his foot - stool in prayer I may go, And
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How he called lit - tle chil - dren as
arms had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen his kind
ask for a share in his love; And if I now ear - nest - ly
lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.
look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.

4 Shining, Blooming, Singing.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. W. A. POST.

1. We would be lit-tle sunbeams bright, [1]Shining out with a gold-en light,
2. We would be lit-tle blos-soms sweet, [4]Bow-ing low at the Sav-ior's feet;
3. We would be lit-tle birds of praise, Joy-ful songs for the Lord we'll [7]raise;
Driv-ing the shad-ows [2]far a-way, Turn-ing the night to cloudless day.
[5]Form-ing a gar-land light and gay, Filling with cheer some lone-ly way.
Bring-ing our treasures pure and sweet, [8]Lay-ing them all at Je-sus' feet.
CHORUS, SOLO OR DUET.
Shin-ing, shin-ing, Lov-ing Je-sus so,.....
Bloom-ing, bloom-ing, Plant-ed by his hand,....
Sing-ing, sing-ing, Lift-ing [9]heart and voice;....
[3]Scat-t'ring the sun-light ev-'ry-where, Ev-'ry-where we go.
Grow-ing for his gar-den fair, [6]In the bet-ter land.
For his count-less bless-ings, Ev-er-more re-joice.

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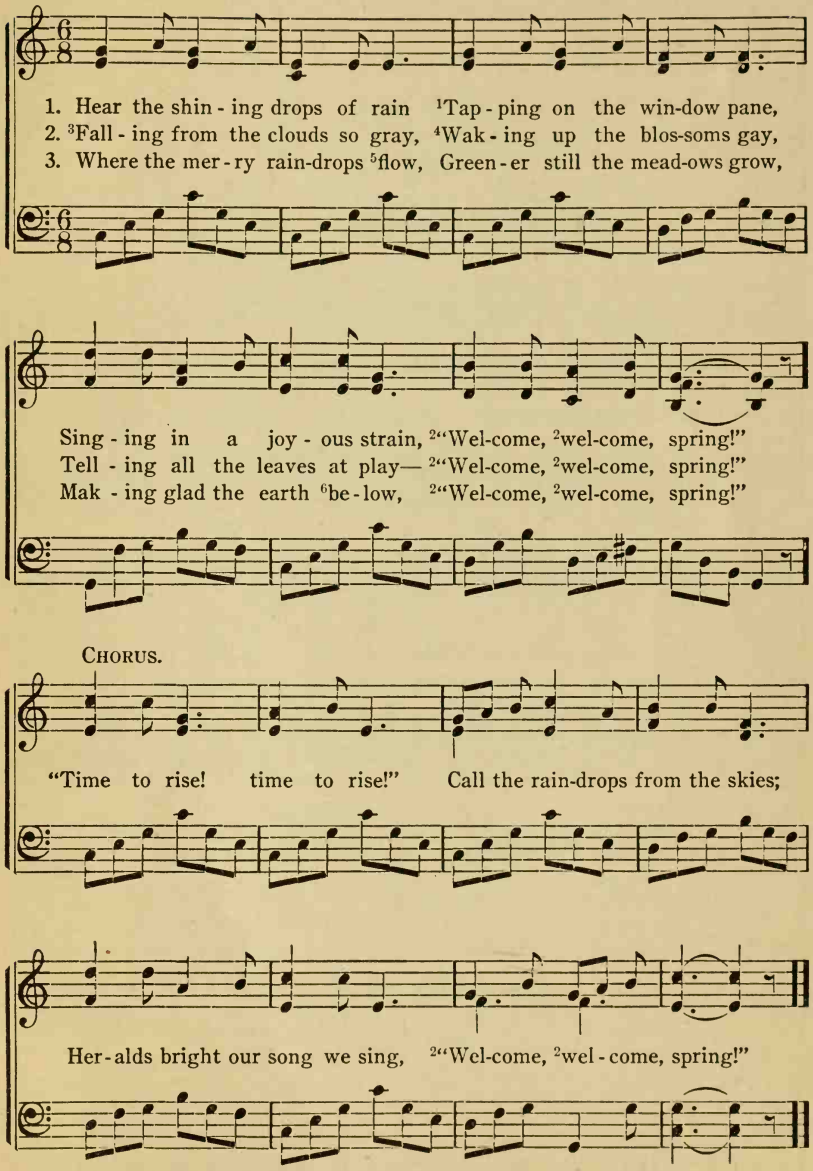
MOTIONS.—1, Hold hands with palms outward. 2, Throw hands to right and left. 3, Scattering motion. 4, Bow. 5, Join hands. 6, Point upward. 7, Rising motion with right hand. 8, Slightly stoop, use both hands as if laying something down. 9, Place right hand over heart.

5 Welcome, Spring!

LIZZIE DEARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Hear the shin - ing drops of rain [1]Tap - ping on the win-dow pane,
2. [3]Fall - ing from the clouds so gray, [4]Wak - ing up the blos-soms gay,
3. Where the mer - ry rain-drops [5]flow, Green - er still the mead-ows grow,
Sing - ing in a joy - ous strain, [2]"Wel-come, [2]wel-come, spring!"
Tell - ing all the leaves at play— [2]"Wel-come, [2]wel-come, spring!"
Mak - ing glad the earth [6]be - low, [2]"Wel-come, [2]wel-come, spring!"
CHORUS.
"Time to rise! time to rise!" Call the rain-drops from the skies;
Her - alds bright our song we sing, [2]"Wel-come, [2]wel - come, spring!"

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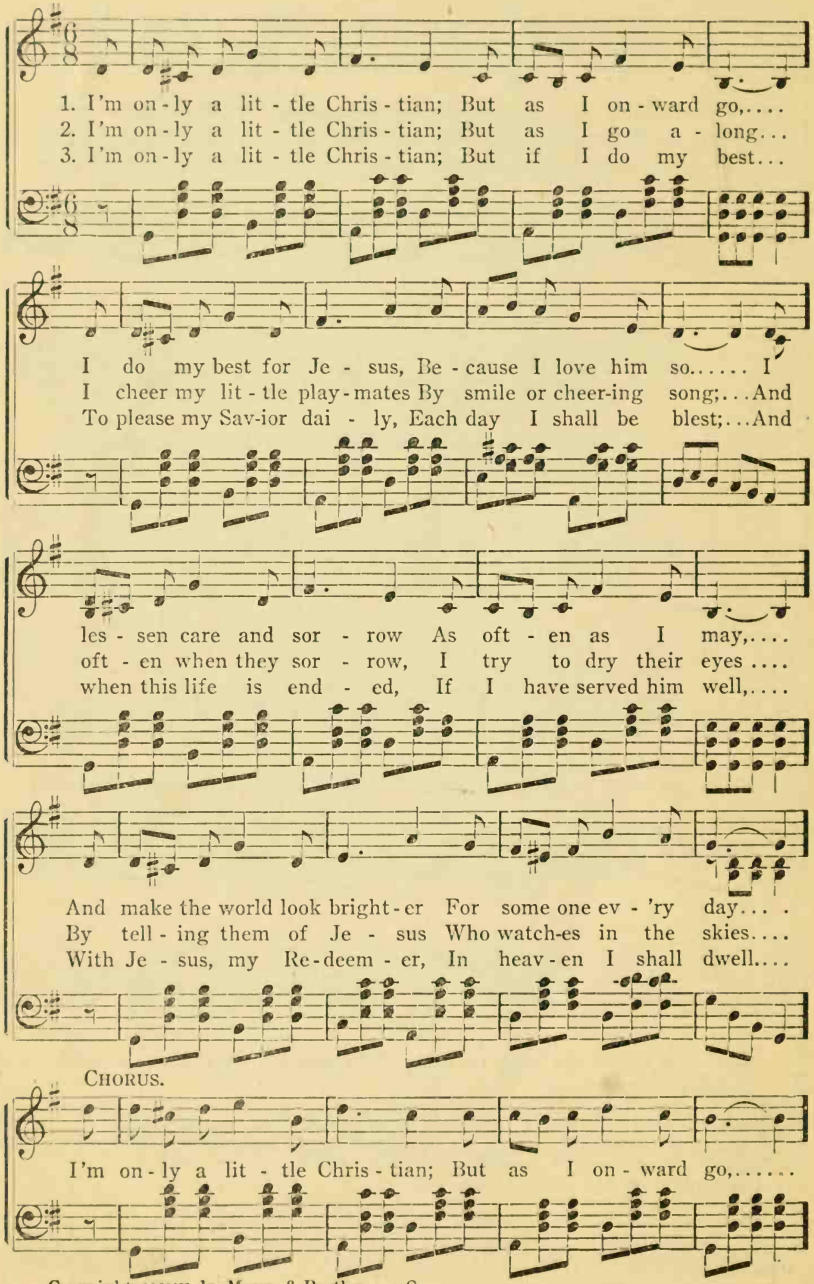
MOTIONS.—1, Make tapping motion with fingers of right hand on palm of left. 2, Hold hands out in welcome. 3, Raise hands high, then bring them slowly down, as rain falling. 4, Stooping slightly, put hands down and bring them up quickly. 5, Move hands along from left to right with flowing gestures. 6, Point down.

Only a Little Christian.

JAMES ROWE. HOWARD E. SMITH.


1. I'm on - ly a lit - tle Chris - tian; But as I on - ward go,....
2. I'm on - ly a lit - tle Chris - tian; But as I go a - long...
3. I'm on - ly a lit - tle Chris - tian; But if I do my best...
I do my best for Je - sus, Be - cause I love him so..... I
I cheer my lit - tle play - mates By smile or cheer-ing song;...And
To please my Sav-ior dai - ly, Each day I shall be blest;...And
les - sen care and sor - row As oft - en as I may,....
oft - en when they sor - row, I try to dry their eyes....
when this life is end - ed, If I have served him well,....
And make the world look bright - er For some one ev - 'ry day....
By tell - ing them of Je - sus Who watch-es in the skies....
With Je - sus, my Re-deem - er, In heav - en I shall dwell....
CHORUS.
I'm on - ly a lit - tle Chris - tian; But as I on - ward go,.....

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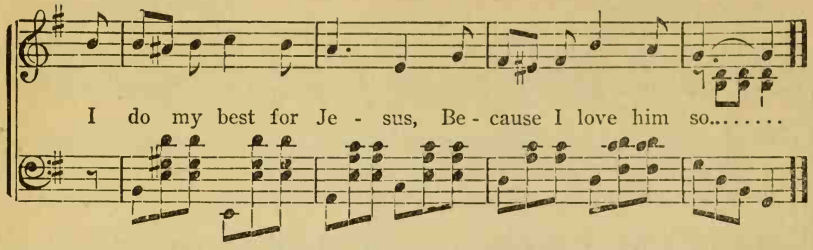
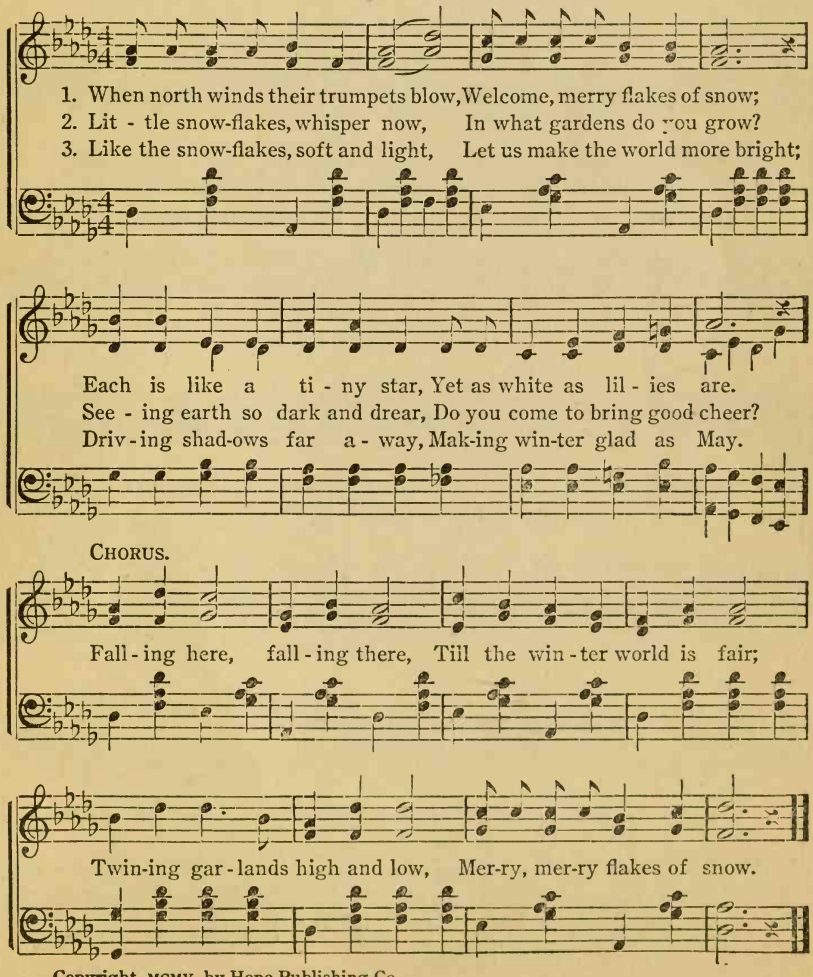
Only a Little Christian.



7 Merry Flakes of Snow.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. When north winds their trumpets blow, Welcome, merry flakes of snow;
2. Lit - tle snow-flakes, whisper now, In what gardens do you grow?
3. Like the snow-flakes, soft and light, Let us make the world more bright;
Each is like a ti - ny star, Yet as white as lil - ies are.
See - ing earth so dark and drear, Do you come to bring good cheer?
Driv - ing shad-ows far a - way, Mak-ing win-ter glad as May.
CHORUS.
Fall - ing here, fall - ing there, Till the win - ter world is fair;
Twin-ing gar - lands high and low, Mer-ry, mer-ry flakes of snow.

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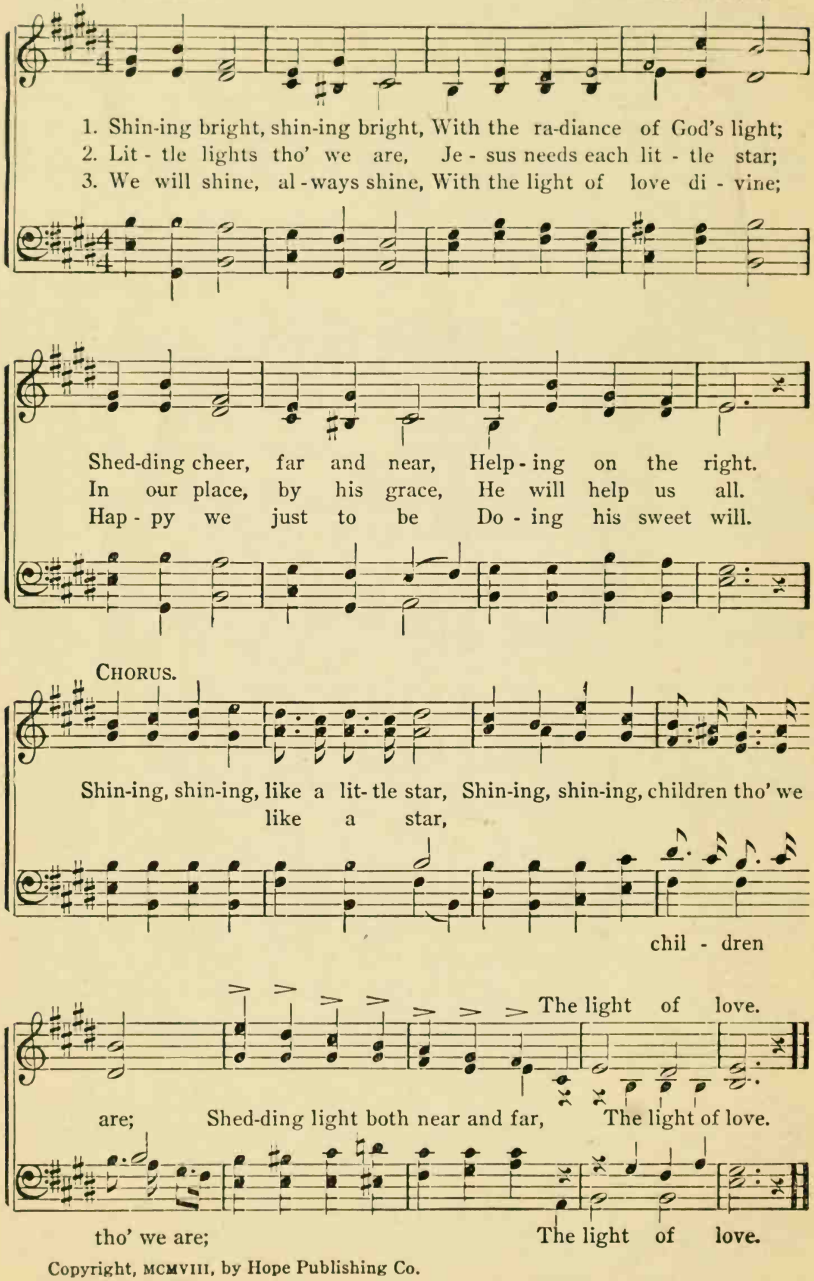
Shining Like the Stars.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Shin-ing bright, shin-ing bright, With the ra-diance of God's light;
2. Lit - tle lights tho' we are, Je - sus needs each lit - tle star;
3. We will shine, al-ways shine, With the light of love di - vine;
Shed-ding cheer, far and near, Help-ing on the right.
In our place, by his grace, He will help us all.
Hap - py we just to be Do - ing his sweet will.
CHORUS.
Shin-ing, shin-ing, like a lit-tle star, Shin-ing, shin-ing, children tho' we like a star,
chil - dren
The light of love.
are; Shed-ding light both near and far, The light of love.
tho' we are; The light of love.

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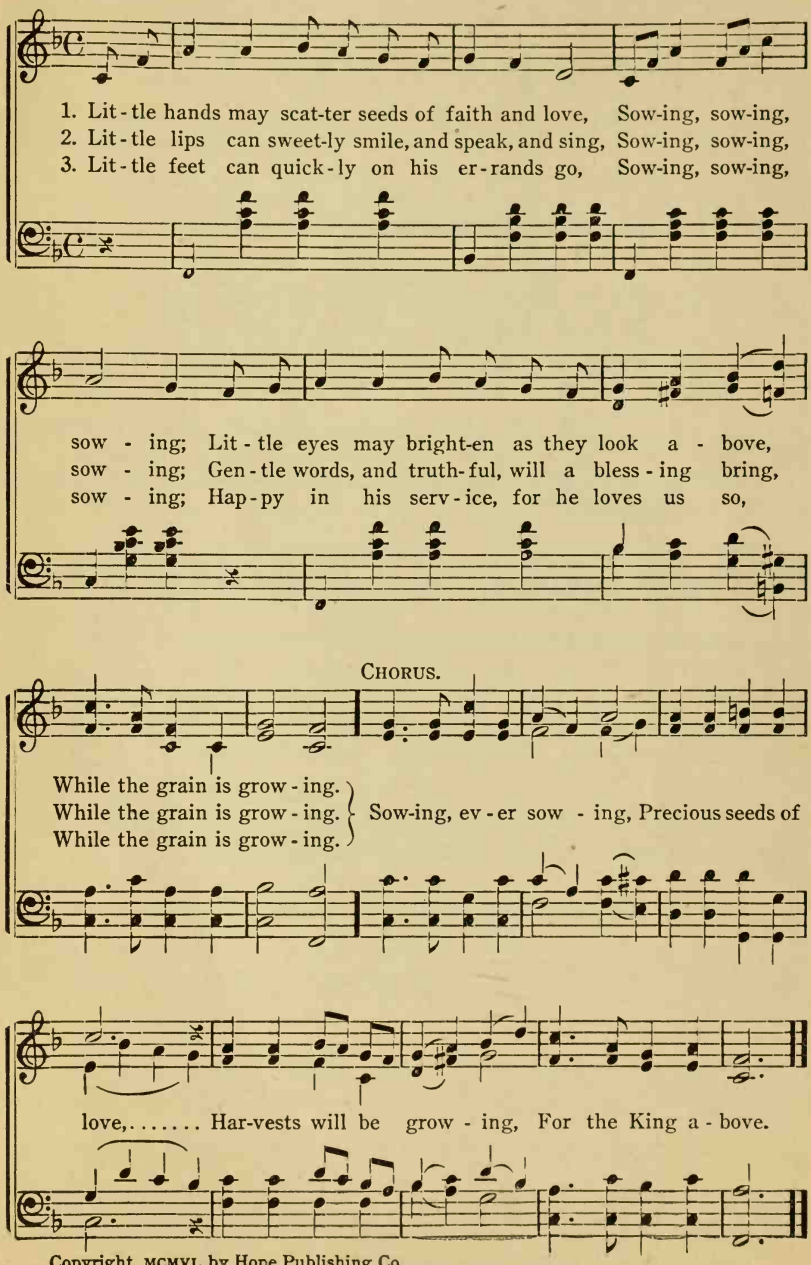
9 While the Grain is Growing.

E. E. Hewitt. W. A. Post.


1. Lit-tle hands may scat-ter seeds of faith and love, Sow-ing, sow-ing,
2. Lit-tle lips can sweet-ly smile, and speak, and sing, Sow-ing, sow-ing,
3. Lit-tle feet can quick-ly on his er-rands go, Sow-ing, sow-ing,
sow - ing; Lit-tle eyes may bright-en as they look a - bove,
sow - ing; Gen-tle words, and truth-ful, will a bless-ing bring,
sow - ing; Hap-py in his serv-ice, for he loves us so,
Chorus.
While the grain is grow-ing.
While the grain is grow-ing.
While the grain is grow-ing.
Sow-ing, ev-er sow - ing, Precious seeds of
love,..... Har-vests will be grow-ing, For the King a-bove.

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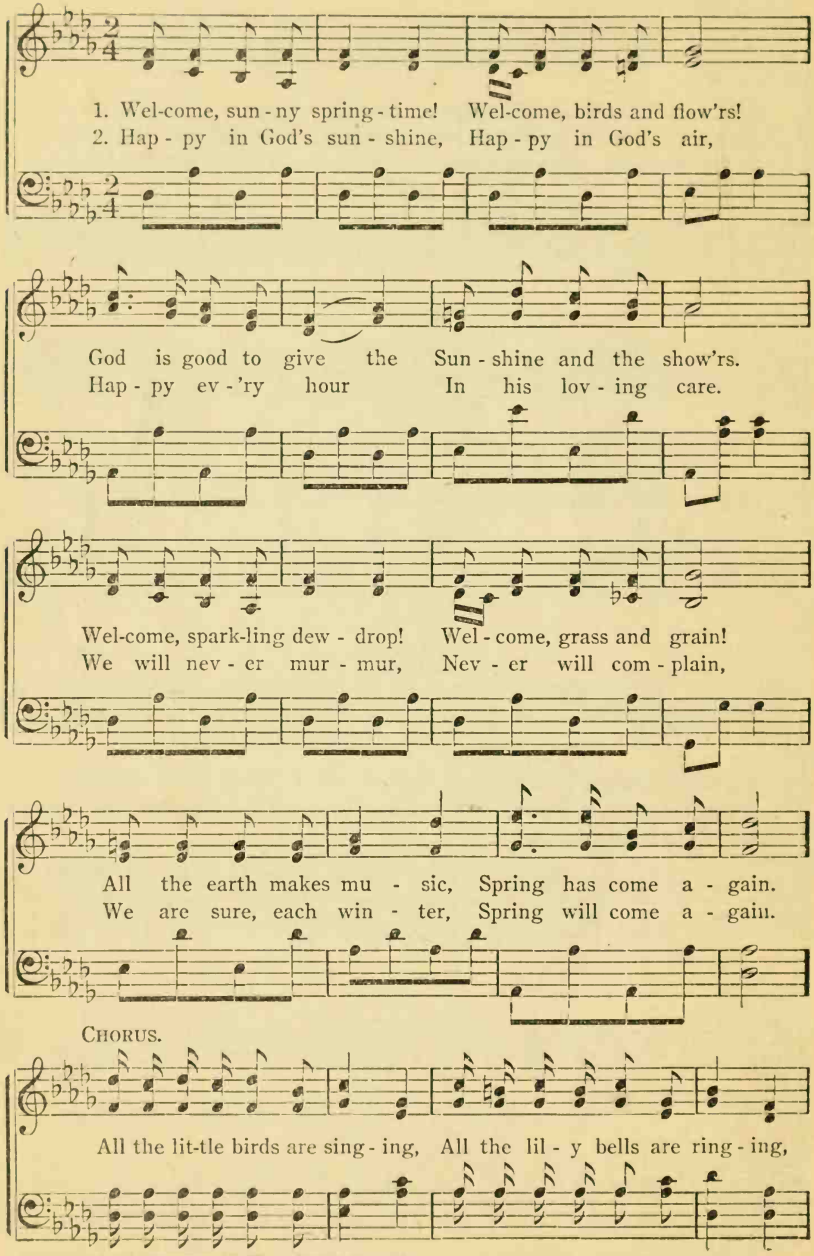
10 Welcome, Sunny Spring!

Mrs. C D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Wel-come, sun - ny spring - time! Wel-come, birds and flow'rs!
2. Hap - py in God's sun - shine, Hap - py in God's air,
God is good to give the Sun - shine and the show'rs.
Hap - py ev - 'ry hour In his lov - ing care.
Wel-come, spark-ling dew - drop! Wel - come, grass and grain!
We will nev - er mur - mur, Nev - er will com - plain,
All the earth makes mu - sic, Spring has come a - gain.
We are sure, each win - ter, Spring will come a - gain.
Chorus.
All the lit-tle birds are sing - ing, All the lil - y bells are ring - ing,

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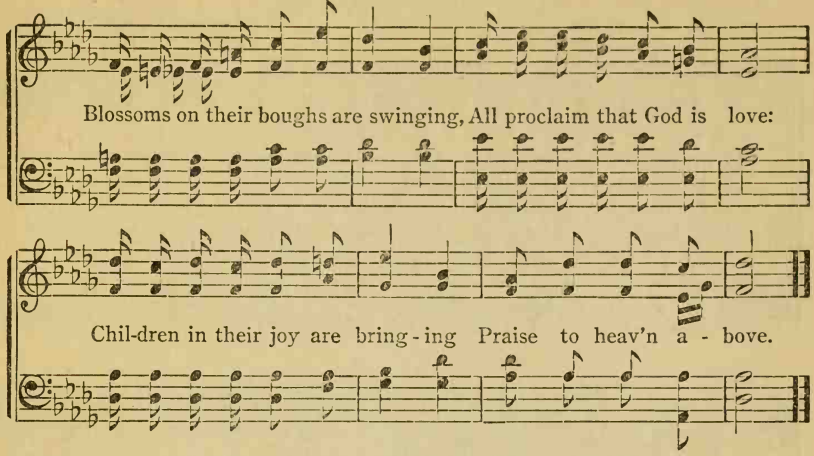
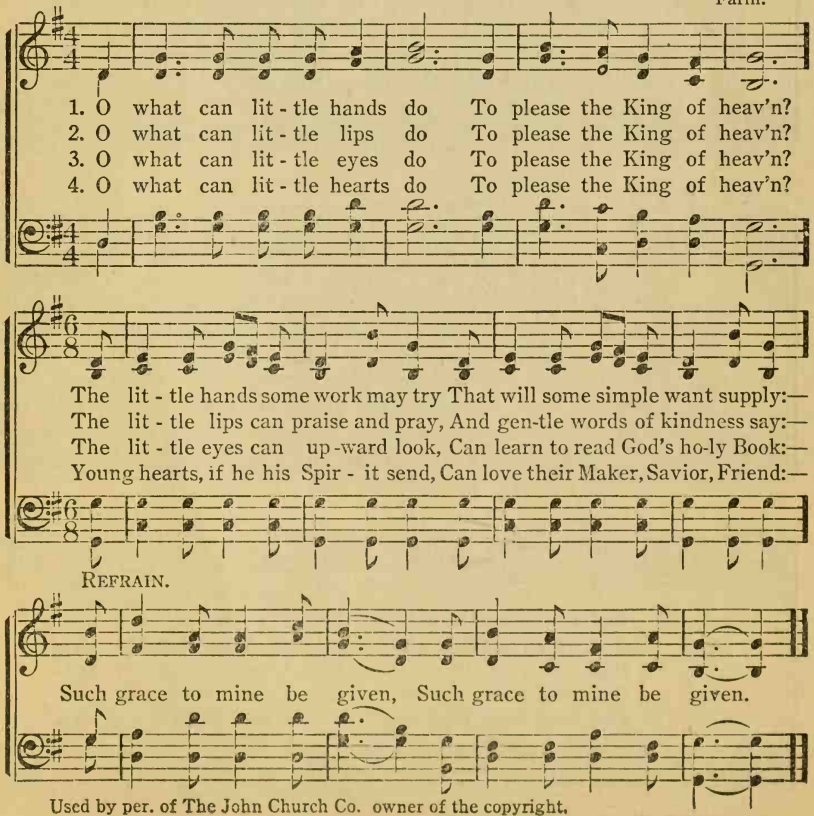
Welcome, Sunny Spring!


Blossoms on their boughs are swinging, All proclaim that God is love:
Chil-dren in their joy are bring-ing Praise to heav'n a-bove.

11 O What can Little Hands Do.

"Farin."

1. O what can lit-tle hands do To please the King of heav'n?
2. O what can lit-tle lips do To please the King of heav'n?
3. O what can lit-tle eyes do To please the King of heav'n?
4. O what can lit-tle hearts do To please the King of heav'n?
The lit-tle hands some work may try That will some simple want supply:—
The lit-tle lips can praise and pray, And gen-tle words of kindness say:—
The lit-tle eyes can up-ward look, Can learn to read God's ho-ly Book:—
Young hearts, if he his Spir-it send, Can love their Maker, Savior, Friend:—
REFRAIN.
Such grace to mine be given, Such grace to mine be given.

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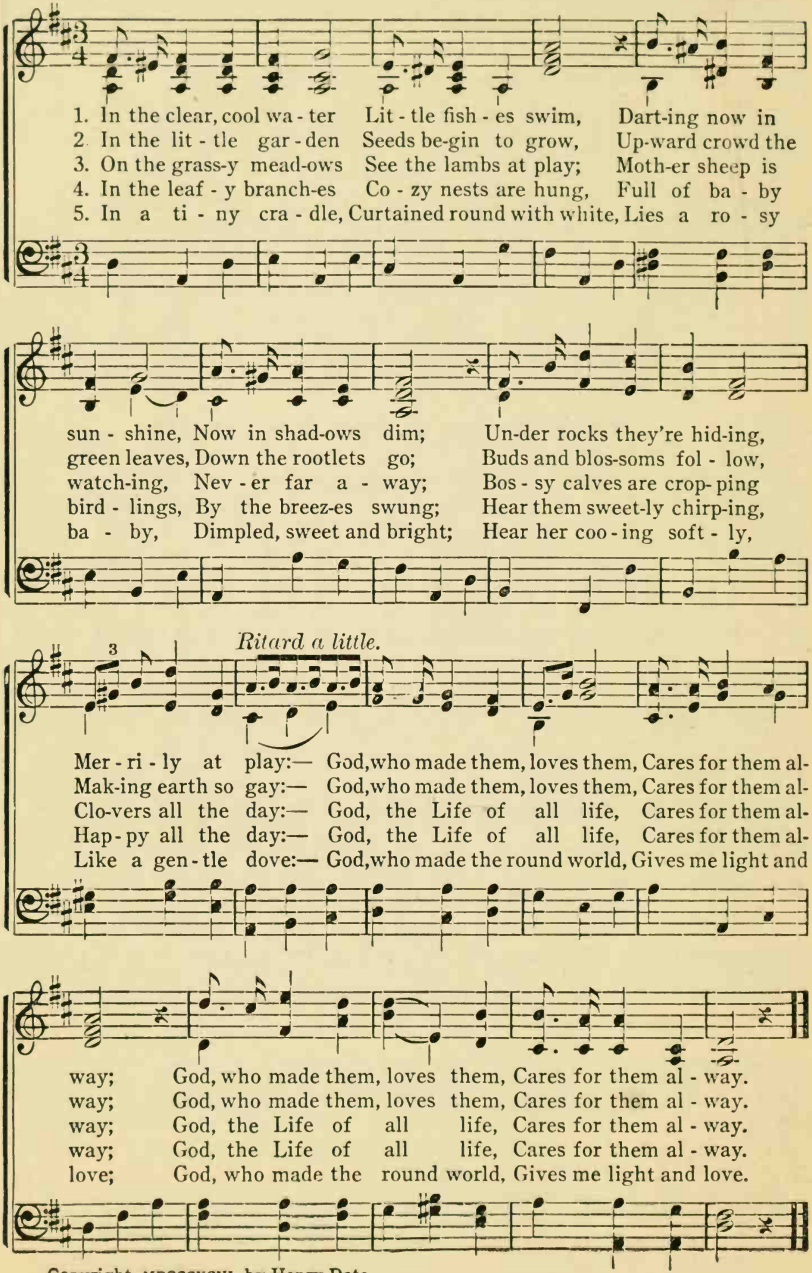
A Song of Life.

M. C. B. MARGARET COOTE BROWN.


1. In the clear, cool wa - ter Lit - tle fish - es swim, Dart-ing now in
2. In the lit - tle gar - den Seeds be-gin to grow, Up-ward crowd the
3. On the grass-y mead-ows See the lambs at play; Moth-er sheep is
4. In the leaf - y branch-es Co - zy nests are hung, Full of ba - by
5. In a ti - ny cra - dle, Curtained round with white, Lies a ro - sy
sun - shine, Now in shad-ows dim; Un-der rocks they're hid-ing,
green leaves, Down the rootlets go; Buds and blos-soms fol - low,
watch-ing, Nev - er far a - way; Bos - sy calves are crop-ping
bird - lings, By the breez-es swung; Hear them sweet-ly chirp-ing,
ba - by, Dimpled, sweet and bright; Hear her coo - ing soft - ly,
Ritard a little.
Mer - ri - ly at play:— God, who made them, loves them, Cares for them al-
Mak-ing earth so gay:— God, who made them, loves them, Cares for them al-
Clo-vers all the day:— God, the Life of all life, Cares for them al-
Hap-py all the day:— God, the Life of all life, Cares for them al-
Like a gen - tle dove:— God, who made the round world, Gives me light and
way; God, who made them, loves them, Cares for them al - way.
way; God, who made them, loves them, Cares for them al - way.
way; God, the Life of all life, Cares for them al - way.
way; God, the Life of all life, Cares for them al - way.
love; God, who made the round world, Gives me light and love.

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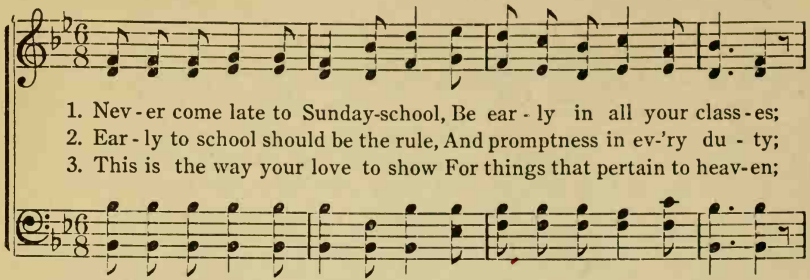
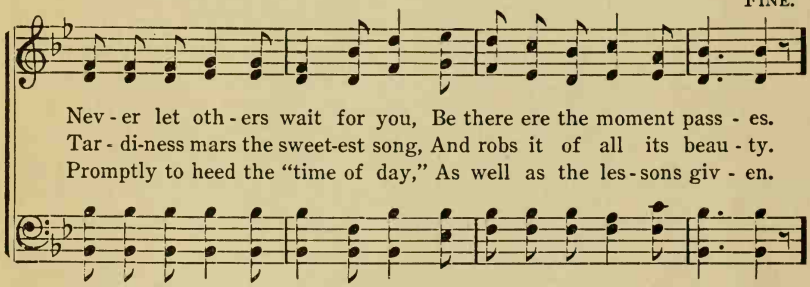
13 Never Come Late.

F. E. B. F. E. Belden.


1. Nev-er come late to Sunday-school, Be ear-ly in all your class-es;
2. Ear-ly to school should be the rule, And promptness in ev-'ry du-ty;
3. This is the way your love to show For things that pertain to heav-en;

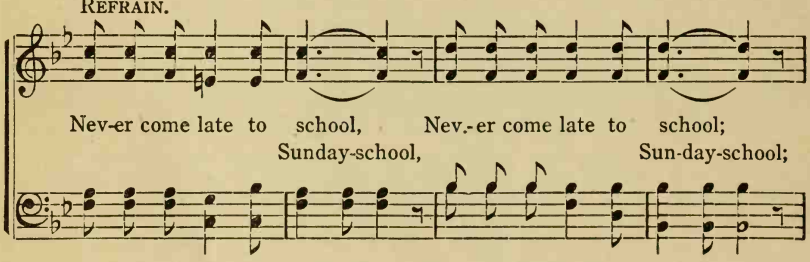
D. C.—*Nev-er come late to Sunday-school, Be ear-ly in all your class-es;*

Fine.

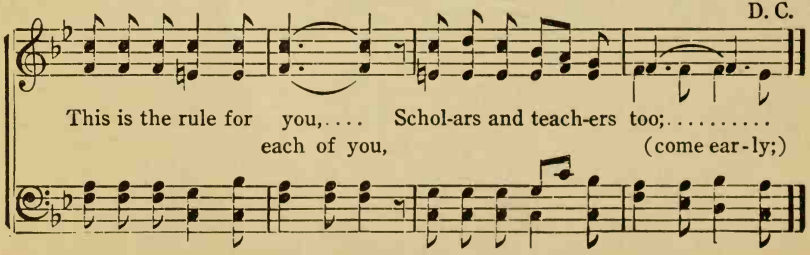

Nev-er let oth-ers wait for you, Be there ere the moment pass-es.
Tar-di-ness mars the sweet-est song, And robs it of all its beau-ty.
Promptly to heed the "time of day," As well as the les-sons giv-en.

Nev-er let oth-ers wait for you, Be there ere the mo-ment pass-es.

Refrain.



D. C.



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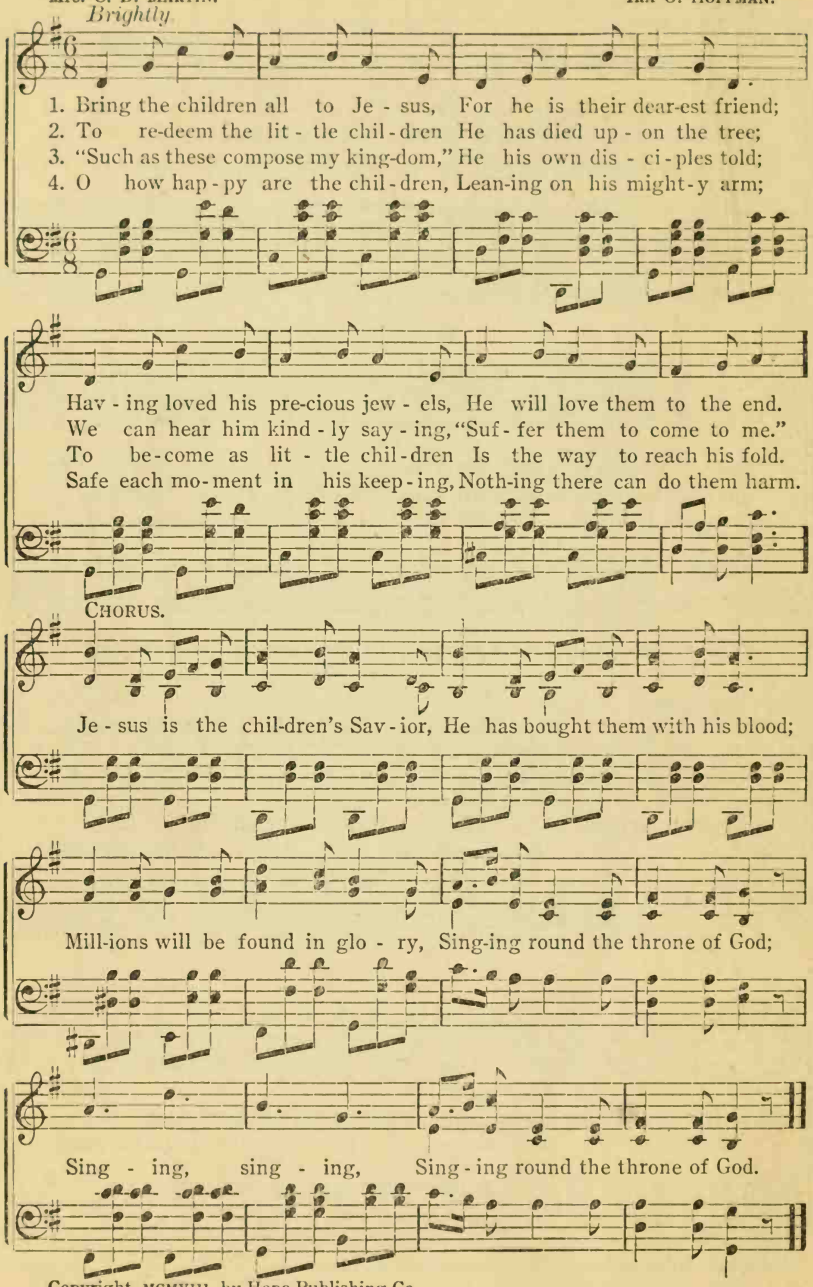
14 Jesus Is the Children's Savior.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Ira O. Hoffman.

Brightly


1. Bring the children all to Je - sus, For he is their dear-est friend;
2. To re-deem the lit - tle chil-dren He has died up - on the tree;
3. "Such as these compose my king-dom," He his own dis - ci-ples told;
4. O how hap-py are the chil-dren, Lean-ing on his might-y arm;
Hav - ing loved his pre-cious jew - els, He will love them to the end.
We can hear him kind - ly say - ing, "Suf - fer them to come to me."
To be-come as lit - tle chil-dren Is the way to reach his fold.
Safe each mo-ment in his keep - ing, Noth-ing there can do them harm.
Chorus.
Je - sus is the chil-dren's Sav - ior, He has bought them with his blood;
Mill-ions will be found in glo - ry, Sing-ing round the throne of God;
Sing - ing, sing - ing, Sing - ing round the throne of God.

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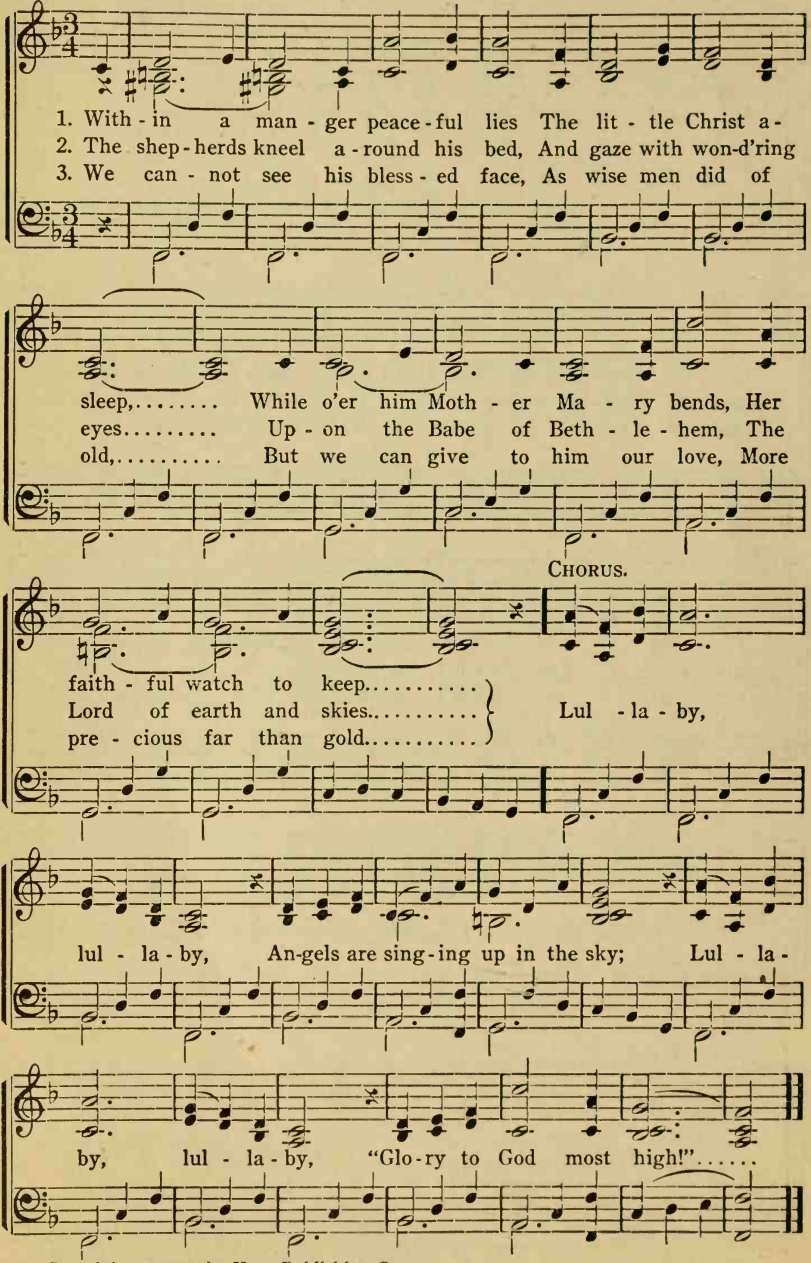
15 The Little Christ Asleep.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. With - in a man - ger peace - ful lies The lit - tle Christ a -
2. The shep - herds kneel a - round his bed, And gaze with won-d'ring
3. We can - not see his bless - ed face, As wise men did of
sleep,..... While o'er him Moth - er Ma - ry bends, Her
eyes..... Up - on the Babe of Beth - le - hem, The
old,..... But we can give to him our love, More
CHORUS.
faith - ful watch to keep.....
Lord of earth and skies.....
pre - cious far than gold.....
Lul - la - by,
lul - la - by, An-gels are sing - ing up in the sky; Lul - la -
by, lul - la - by, "Glo - ry to God most high!".....

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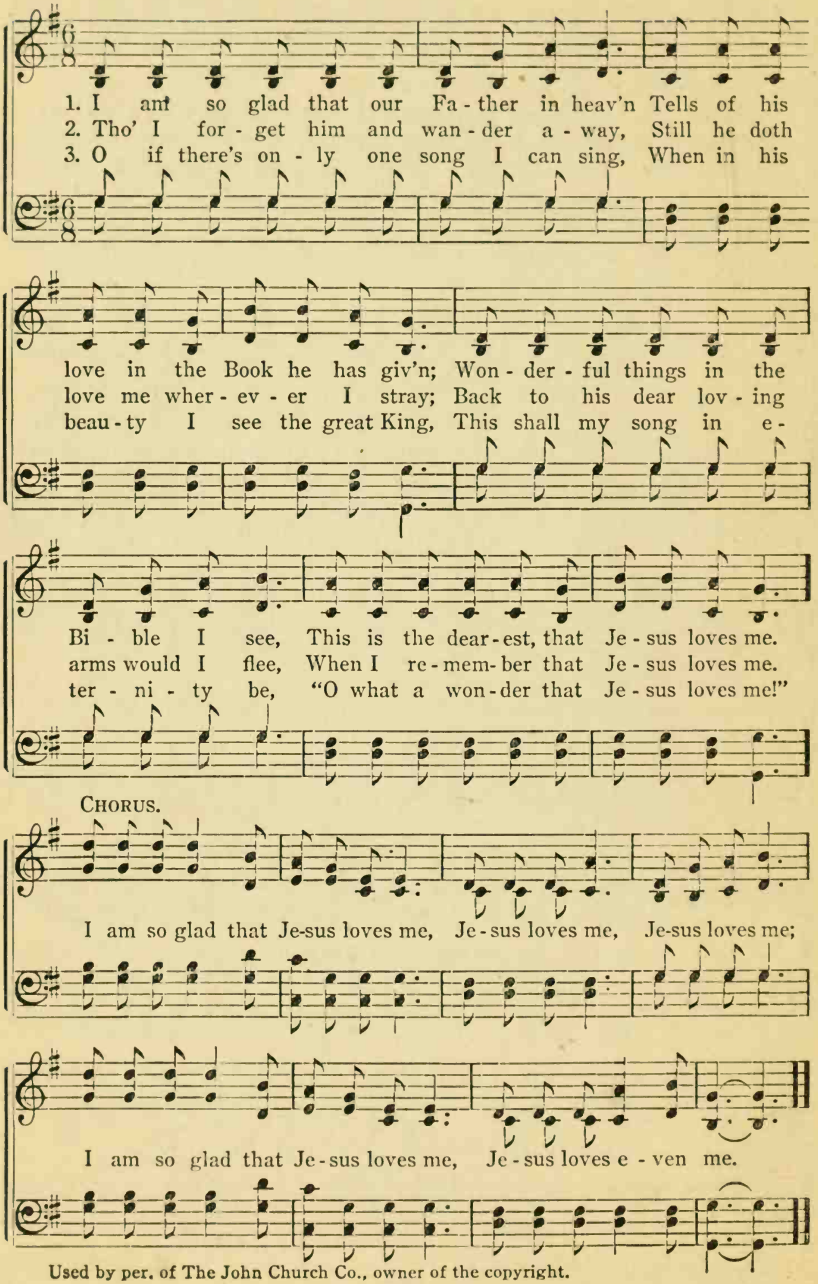
16 Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of his
love in the Book he has giv'n; Won - der - ful things in the
Bi - ble I see, This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
2. Tho' I for - get him and wan - der a - way, Still he doth
love me wher - ev - er I stray; Back to his dear lov - ing
arms would I flee, When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.
3. O if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in his
beau - ty I see the great King, This shall my song in e -
ter - ni - ty be, "O what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!"
CHORUS.
I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je-sus loves me;
I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

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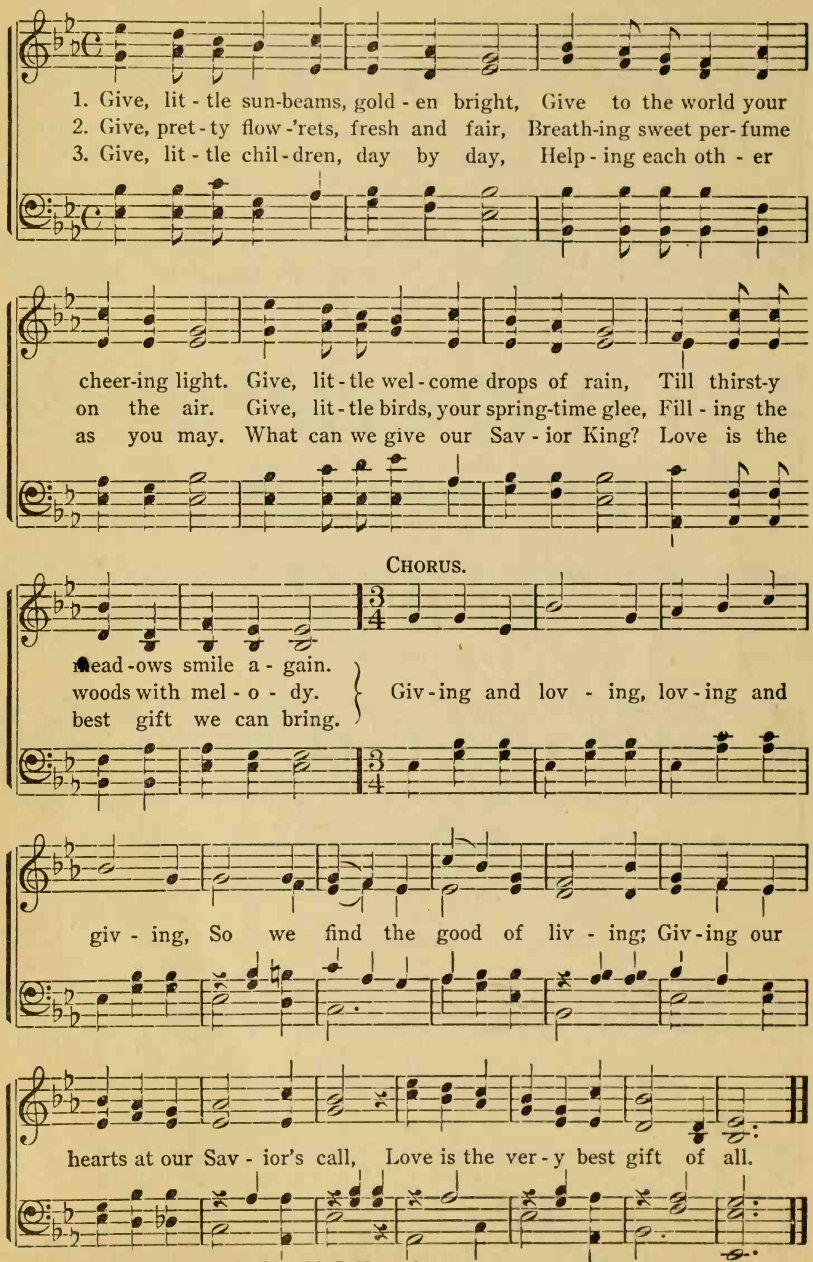
17 Loving and Giving.

E. E. Hewitt. C. Dodworth.


1. Give, lit - tle sun-beams, gold - en bright, Give to the world your
2. Give, pret - ty flow -'rets, fresh and fair, Breath-ing sweet per- fume
3. Give, lit - tle chil - dren, day by day, Help - ing each oth - er
cheer-ing light. Give, lit - tle wel - come drops of rain, Till thirst-y
on the air. Give, lit - tle birds, your spring-time glee, Fill - ing the
as you may. What can we give our Sav - ior King? Love is the
Chorus.
mead-ows smile a - gain.
woods with mel - o - dy.
best gift we can bring.
Giv-ing and lov - ing, lov-ing and
giv - ing, So we find the good of liv - ing; Giv-ing our
hearts at our Sav - ior's call, Love is the ver - y best gift of all.

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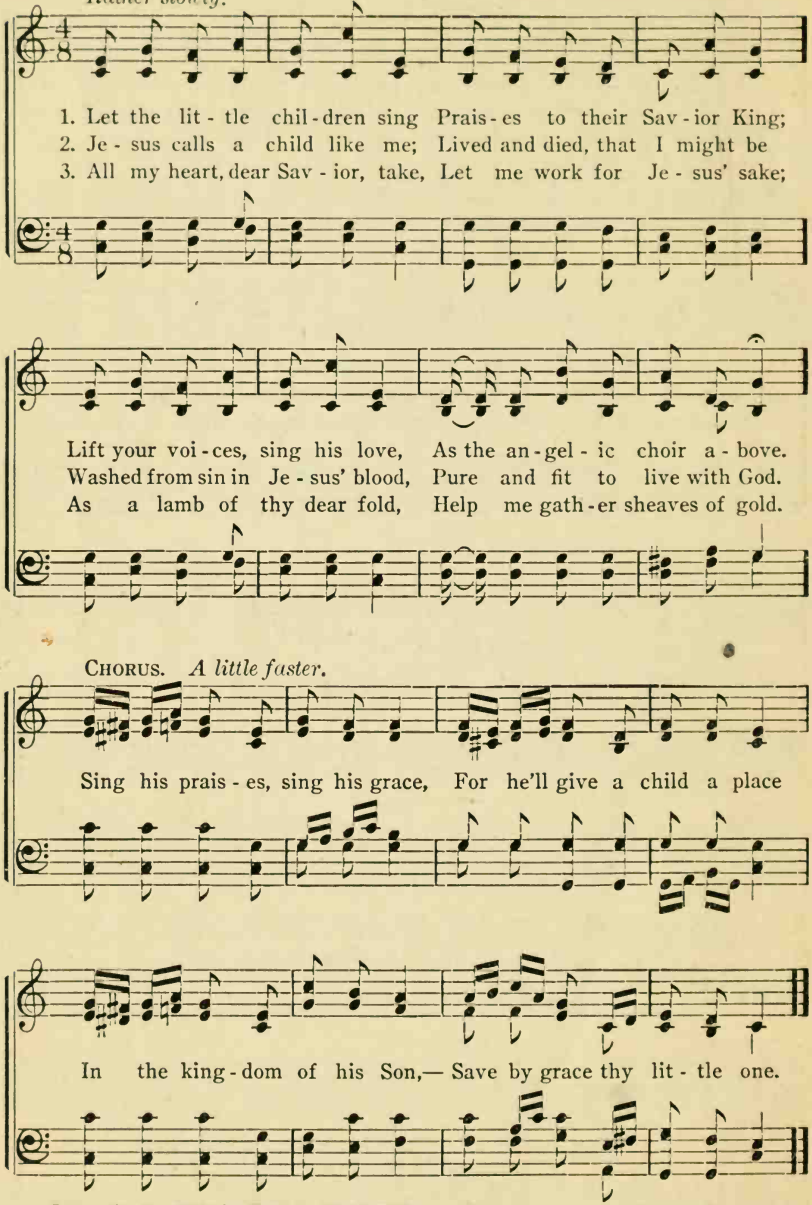
18 Children's Praises.*

Rev. R. Venting. Alice E. Sumner.

Rather slowly.

1. Let the lit - tle chil - dren sing Prais - es to their Sav - ior King;
2. Je - sus calls a child like me; Lived and died, that I might be
3. All my heart, dear Sav - ior, take, Let me work for Je - sus' sake;
Lift your voi - ces, sing his love, As the an - gel - ic choir a - bove.
Washed from sin in Je - sus' blood, Pure and fit to live with God.
As a lamb of thy dear fold, Help me gath - er sheaves of gold.
Chorus. *A little faster.*
Sing his prais - es, sing his grace, For he'll give a child a place
In the king - dom of his Son,— Save by grace thy lit - tle one.

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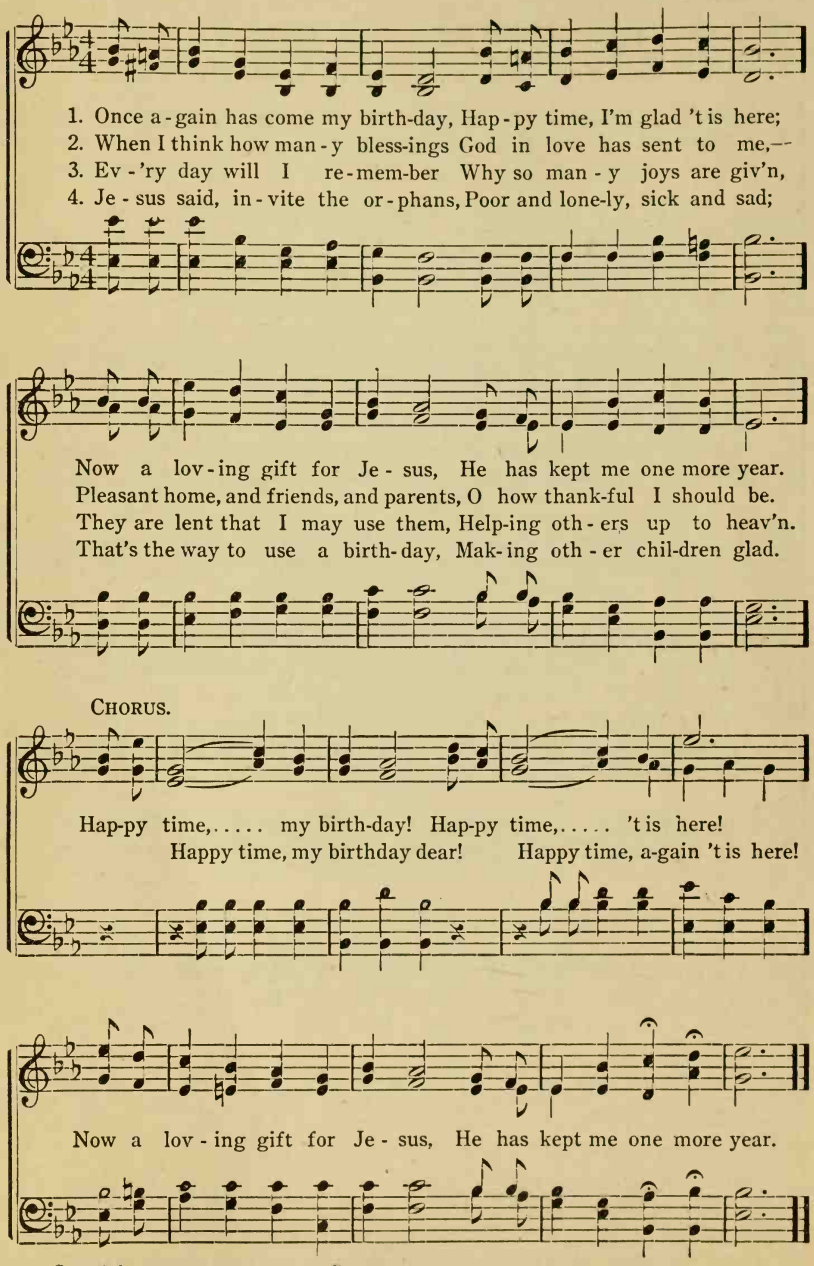
* Can be used as a solo for very small child, with usual motions. The chorus will be more effective with a number of voices.

My Birthday.

F. E. B. F. E. Belden.


1. Once a-gain has come my birth-day, Hap-py time, I'm glad 't is here;
2. When I think how man-y bless-ings God in love has sent to me,--
3. Ev-'ry day will I re-mem-ber Why so man-y joys are giv'n,
4. Je-sus said, in-vite the or-phans, Poor and lone-ly, sick and sad;
Now a lov-ing gift for Je-sus, He has kept me one more year.
Pleasant home, and friends, and parents, O how thank-ful I should be.
They are lent that I may use them, Help-ing oth-ers up to heav'n.
That's the way to use a birth-day, Mak-ing oth-er chil-dren glad.
Chorus.
Hap-py time,..... my birth-day! Hap-py time,..... 't is here!
Happy time, my birthday dear! Happy time, a-gain 't is here!
Now a lov-ing gift for Je-sus, He has kept me one more year.

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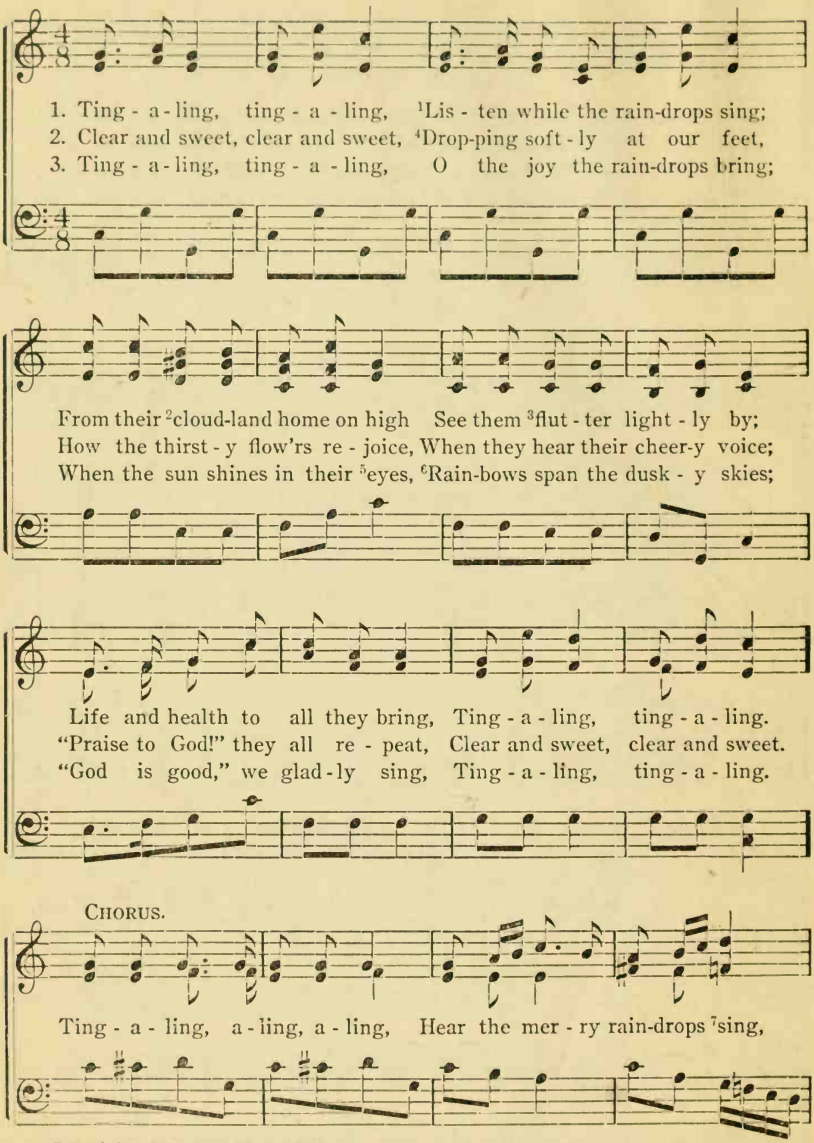
20 Listen While the Raindrops Sing.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. W. A. POST.


1. Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling, [1]Lis - ten while the rain-drops sing;
2. Clear and sweet, clear and sweet, [4]Drop-ping soft - ly at our feet,
3. Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling, O the joy the rain-drops bring;
From their [2]cloud-land home on high See them [3]flut - ter light - ly by;
How the thirst - y flow'rs re - joice, When they hear their cheer-y voice;
When the sun shines in their [5]eyes, [6]Rain-bows span the dusk - y skies;
Life and health to all they bring, Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling.
"Praise to God!" they all re - peat, Clear and sweet, clear and sweet.
"God is good," we glad - ly sing, Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling.
CHORUS.
Ting - a - ling, a - ling, a - ling, Hear the mer - ry rain-drops [7]sing,

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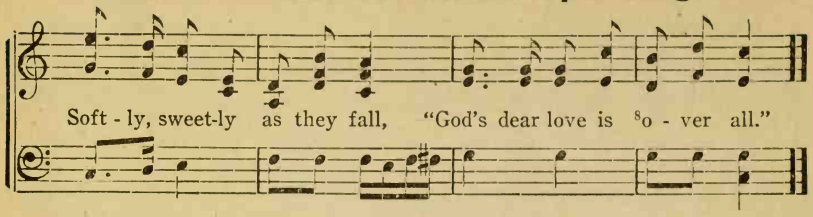
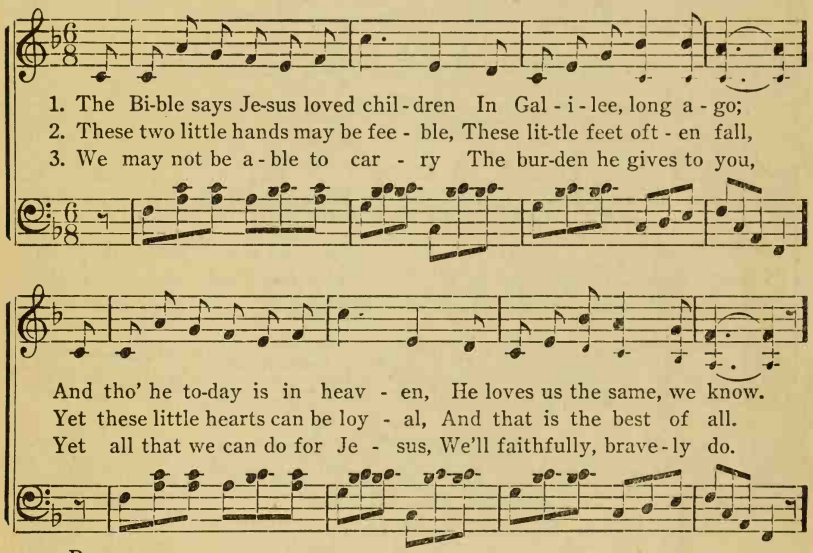
MOTIONS.—1. Raise index finger of right hand, bend slightly forward in listening attitude. 2. Point up. 3, Raise hands and make fluttering motion. 4. Bring hands down with dropping motion. 5, Put hands to eyes. 6, With right hand describe an arch from left to right. 7, Tap lightly with fingers of right hand on palm of left. 8, Hold hand out with palms downward.

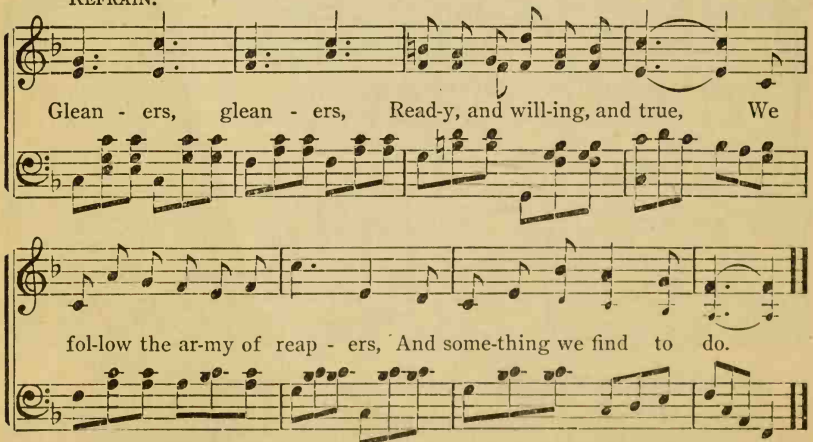
NOTE.—The chorus, played both clefs 8va., may be used to good advantage as a forming march.

Listen While the Raindrops Sing.

21 Gleaners.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. The Bi-ble says Je-sus loved chil-dren In Gal - i - lee, long a - go;
2. These two little hands may be fee - ble, These lit-tle feet oft - en fall,
3. We may not be a - ble to car - ry The bur-den he gives to you,
And tho' he to-day is in heav - en, He loves us the same, we know.
Yet these little hearts can be loy - al, And that is the best of all.
Yet all that we can do for Je - sus, We'll faithfully, brave-ly do.

REFRAIN.



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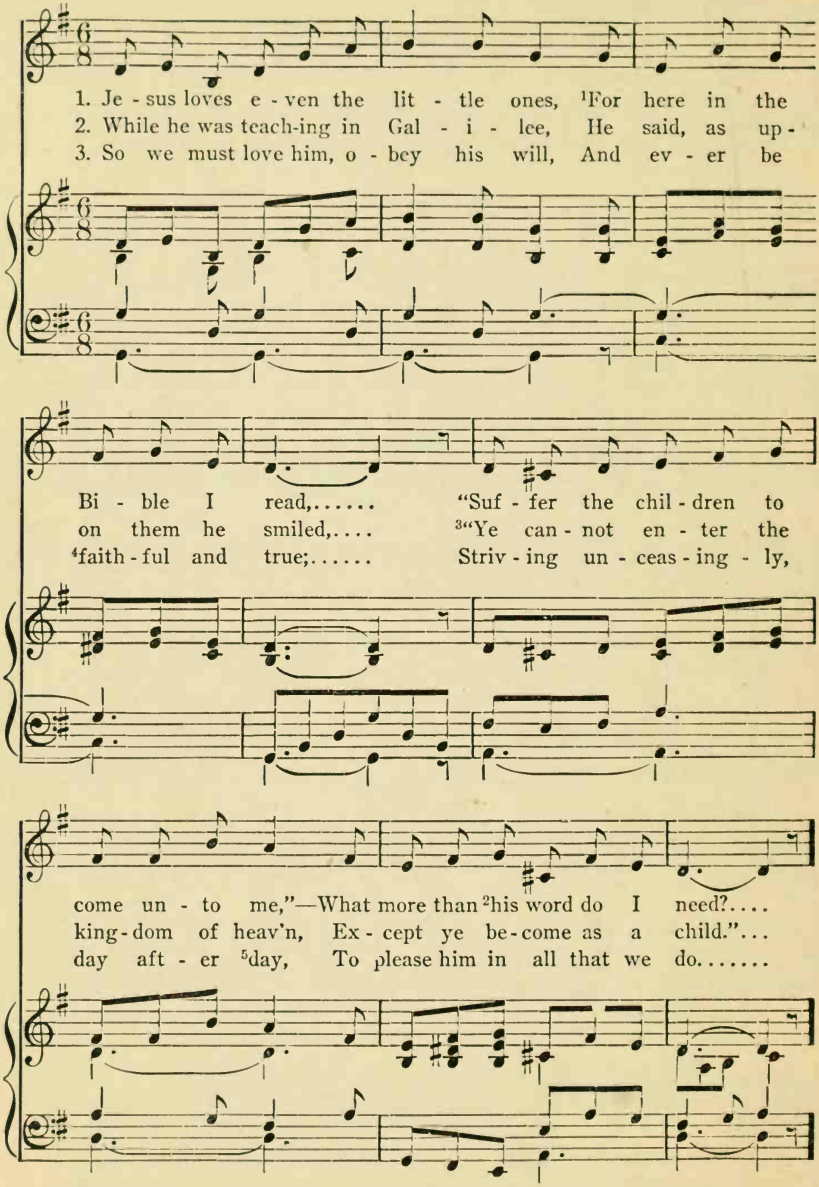
Jesus' Love.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je - sus loves e - ven the lit - tle ones, [1]For here in the
2. While he was teach-ing in Gal - i - lee, He said, as up -
3. So we must love him, o - bey his will, And ev - er be
Bi - ble I read,..... "Suf - fer the chil - dren to
on them he smiled,.... [3]"Ye can - not en - ter the
[4]faith - ful and true;..... Striv - ing un - ceas - ing - ly,
come un - to me,"—What more than [2]his word do I need?....
king - dom of heav'n, Ex - cept ye be - come as a child."...
day aft - er [5]day, To please him in all that we do.....

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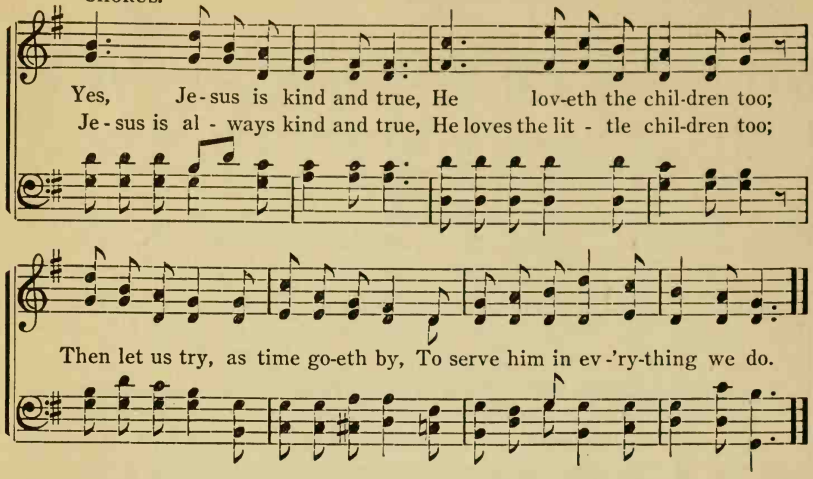
MOTIONS.—The singer should hold in her hand a Bible; at 1, she should open it and appear to be reading the quotation, then close it, and at 2, hold it aloft; at 3, open Bible, and read very deliberately; at 4, hold Bible to heart, with eyes uplifted; at 5, make a slight bow and lower Bible.

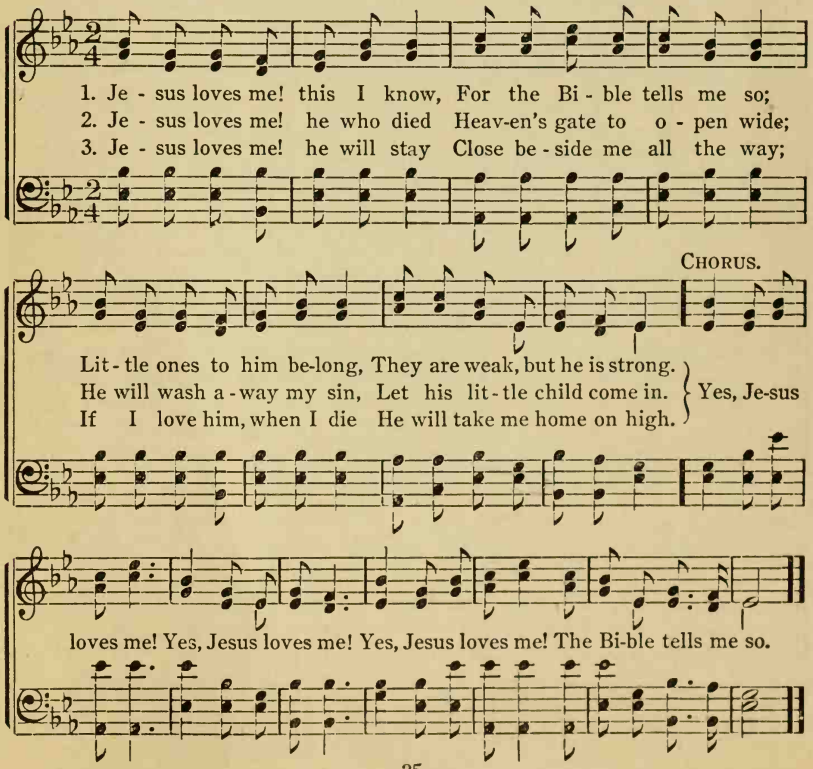
Jesus' Love.

CHORUS.


Yes, Je-sus is kind and true, He lov-eth the chil-dren too;
Je-sus is al-ways kind and true, He loves the lit-tle chil-dren too;
Then let us try, as time go-eth by, To serve him in ev-'ry-thing we do.

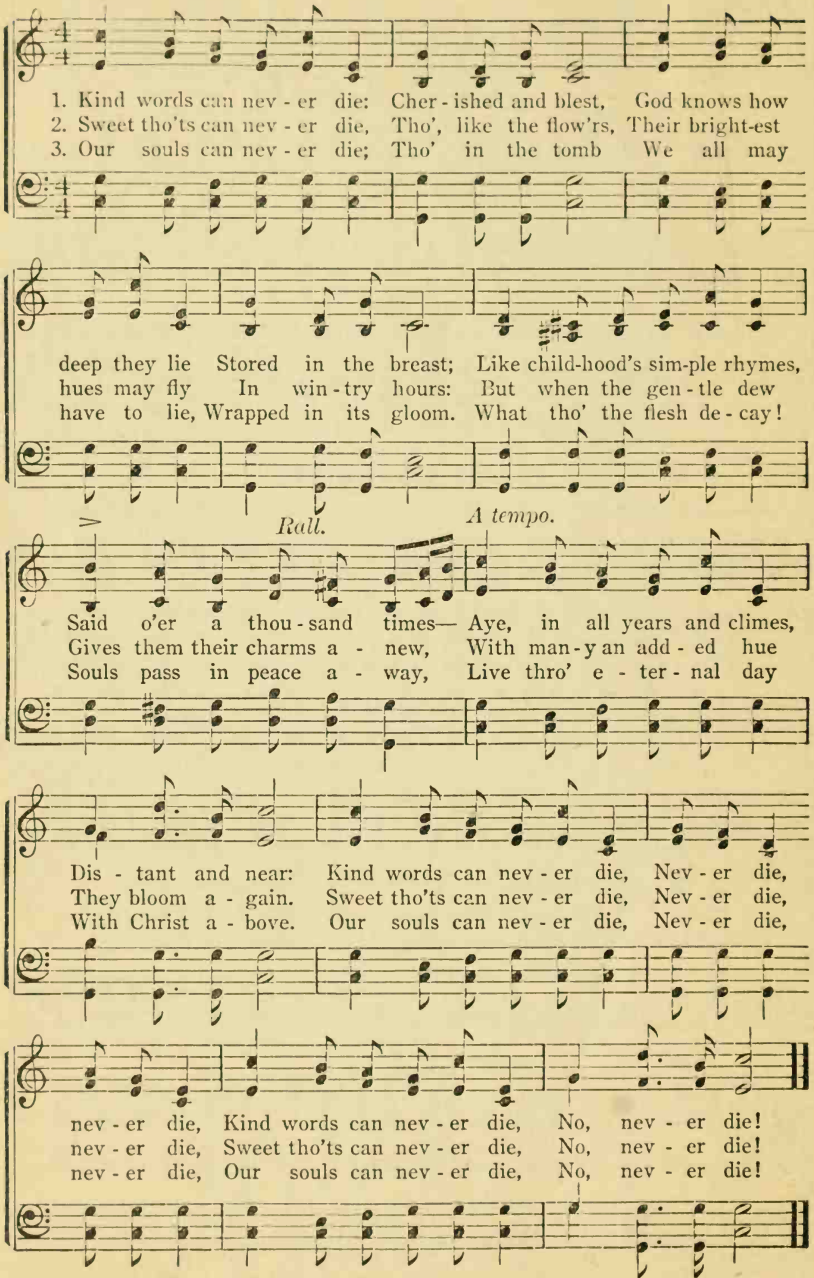
23 Jesus Loves Me.

ANNA B. WARNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Je-sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi-ble tells me so;
2. Je-sus loves me! he who died Heav-en's gate to o-pen wide;
3. Je-sus loves me! he will stay Close be-side me all the way;
CHORUS.
Lit-tle ones to him be-long, They are weak, but he is strong.
He will wash a-way my sin, Let his lit-tle child come in.
If I love him, when I die He will take me home on high.
Yes, Je-sus
loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bi-ble tells me so.

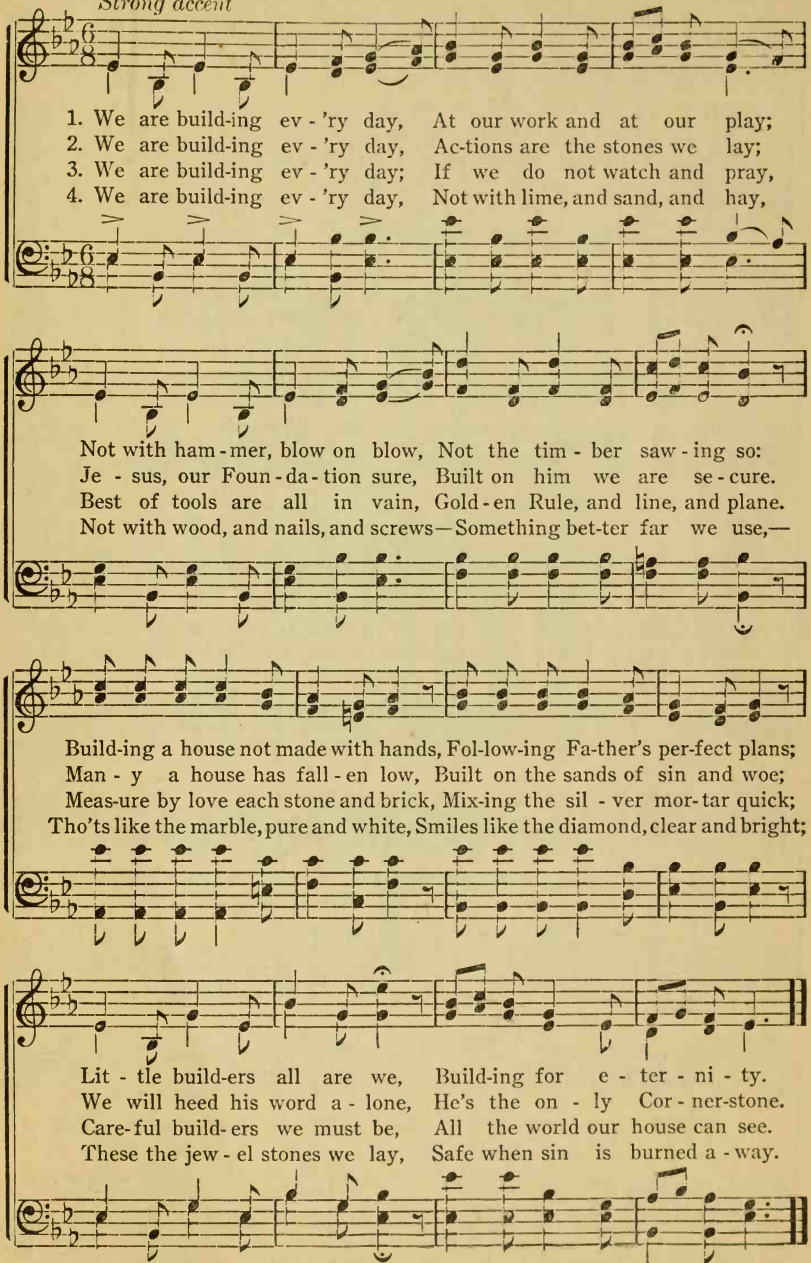
24 Kind Words Can Never Die!

ABBY HUTCHINSON.


1. Kind words can nev - er die: Cher - ished and blest, God knows how
2. Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, Tho', like the flow'rs, Their bright-est
3. Our souls can nev - er die; Tho' in the tomb We all may
deep they lie Stored in the breast; Like child-hood's sim-ple rhymes,
hues may fly In win - try hours: But when the gen - tle dew
have to lie, Wrapped in its gloom. What tho' the flesh de - cay!
Rall.
A tempo.
Said o'er a thou - sand times— Aye, in all years and climes,
Gives them their charms a - new, With man - y an add - ed hue
Souls pass in peace a - way, Live thro' e - ter - nal day
Dis - tant and near: Kind words can nev - er die, Nev - er die,
They bloom a - gain. Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, Nev - er die,
With Christ a - bove. Our souls can nev - er die, Nev - er die,
nev - er die, Kind words can nev - er die, No, nev - er die!
nev - er die, Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, No, nev - er die!
nev - er die, Our souls can nev - er die, No, nev - er die!

Building Every Day.

F. E. B. F. E. Belden.

Strong accent

1. We are build-ing ev - 'ry day, At our work and at our play;
2. We are build-ing ev - 'ry day, Ac-tions are the stones we lay;
3. We are build-ing ev - 'ry day; If we do not watch and pray,
4. We are build-ing ev - 'ry day, Not with lime, and sand, and hay,
Not with ham-mer, blow on blow, Not the tim - ber saw - ing so:
Je - sus, our Foun-da-tion sure, Built on him we are se - cure.
Best of tools are all in vain, Gold-en Rule, and line, and plane.
Not with wood, and nails, and screws—Something bet-ter far we use,—
Build-ing a house not made with hands, Fol-low-ing Fa-ther's per-fect plans;
Man - y a house has fall-en low, Built on the sands of sin and woe;
Meas-ure by love each stone and brick, Mix-ing the sil - ver mor-tar quick;
Tho'ts like the marble, pure and white, Smiles like the diamond, clear and bright;
Lit - tle build-ers all are we, Build-ing for e - ter - ni - ty.
We will heed his word a - lone, He's the on - ly Cor - ner-stone.
Care-ful build-ers we must be, All the world our house can see.
These the jew - el stones we lay, Safe when sin is burned a - way.

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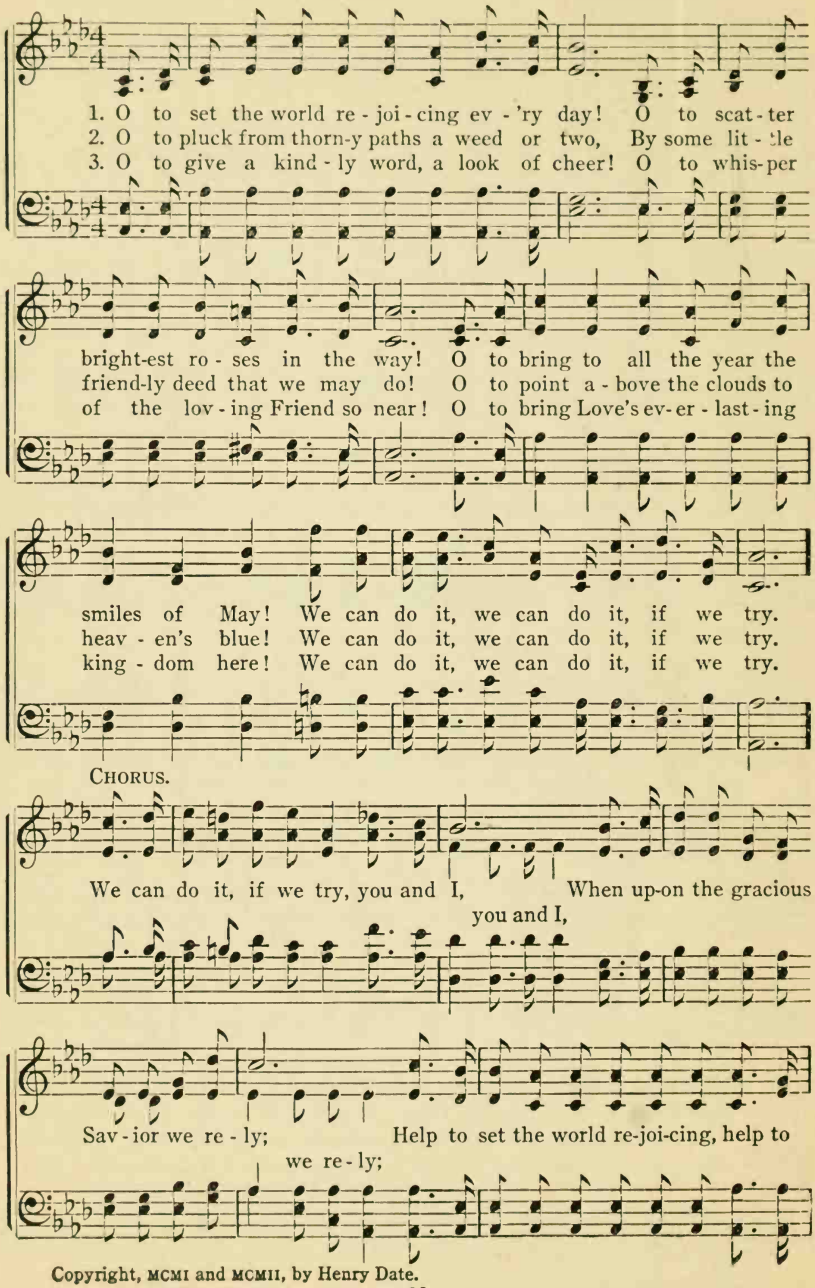
26 Help to Set the World Rejoicing.

E. E. Hewitt. W. A. Post.

1. O to set the world re - joi - cing ev - 'ry day! O to scat - ter
2. O to pluck from thorn-y paths a weed or two, By some lit - tle
3. O to give a kind - ly word, a look of cheer! O to whis-per
bright-est ro - ses in the way! O to bring to all the year the
friend-ly deed that we may do! O to point a - bove the clouds to
of the lov - ing Friend so near! O to bring Love's ev-er - last - ing
smiles of May! We can do it, we can do it, if we try.
heav - en's blue! We can do it, we can do it, if we try.
king - dom here! We can do it, we can do it, if we try.
Chorus.
We can do it, if we try, you and I, When up-on the gracious
you and I,
Sav - ior we re - ly; Help to set the world re-joi-cing, help to
we re - ly;

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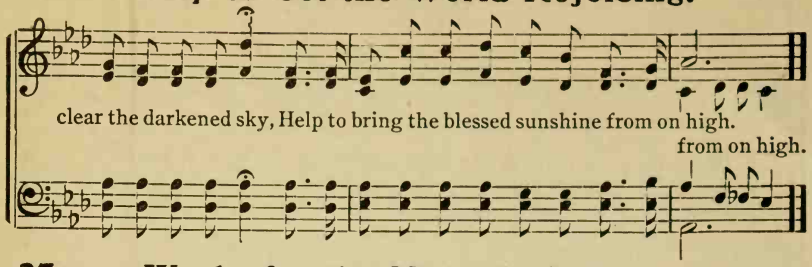
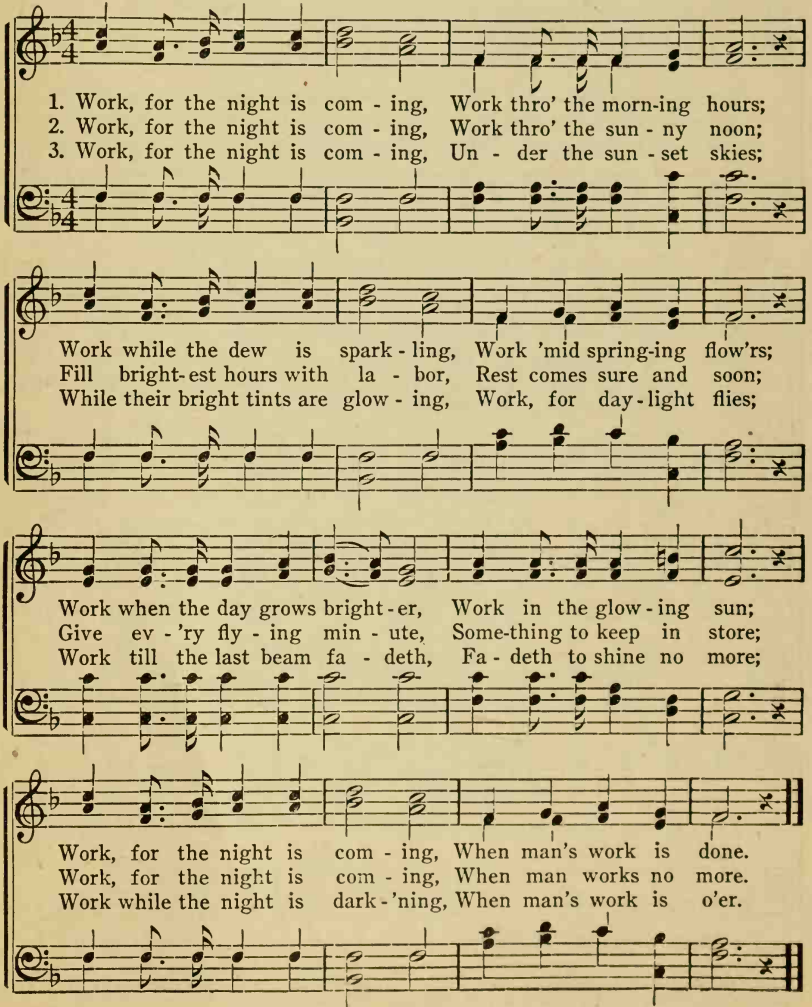
Help to Set the World Rejoicing.

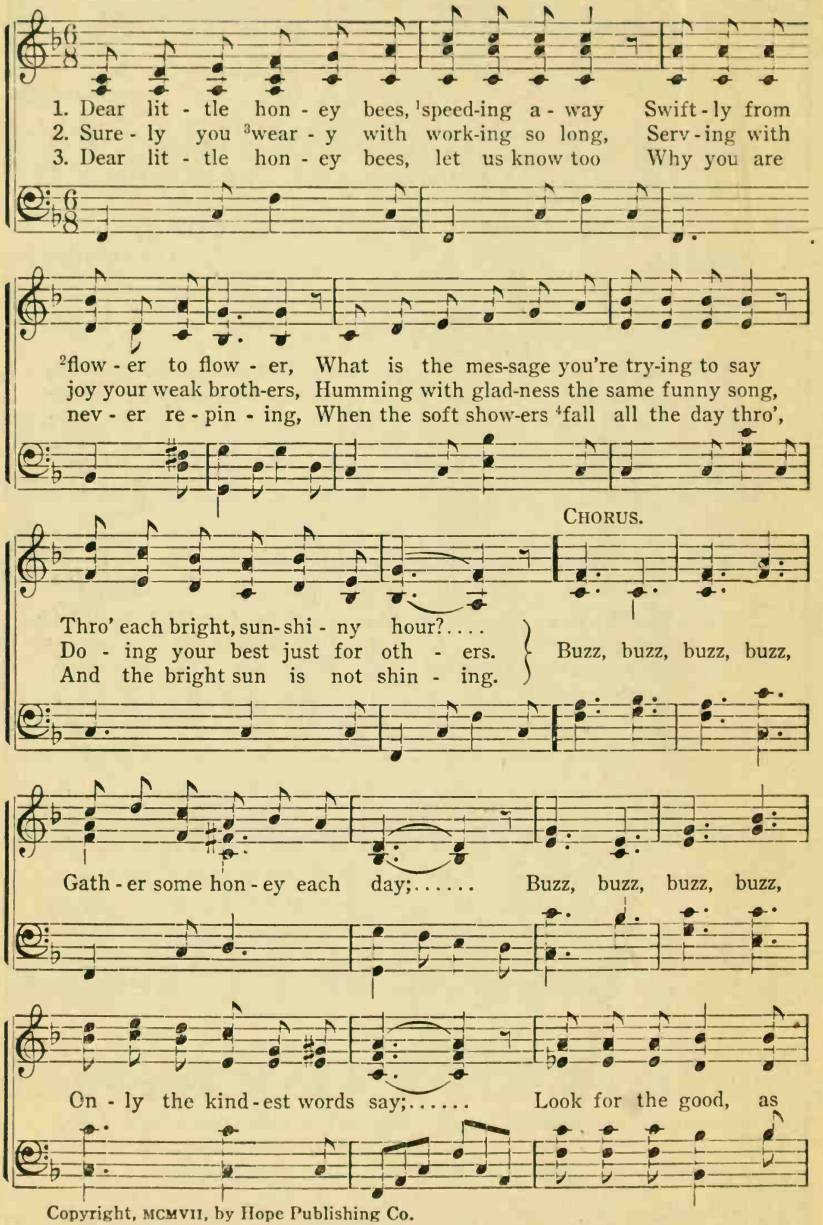


27 Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon;
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day-light flies;
Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute, Some-thing to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fa - deth, Fa - deth to shine no more;
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

Honey Bees.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. W. A. POST.


1. Dear lit - tle hon - ey bees, [1]speed-ing a - way Swift - ly from
2. Sure - ly you [3]wear - y with work-ing so long, Serv - ing with
3. Dear lit - tle hon - ey bees, let us know too Why you are
[2]flow - er to flow - er, What is the mes-sage you're try-ing to say
joy your weak broth-ers, Humming with glad-ness the same funny song,
nev - er re - pin - ing, When the soft show-ers [4]fall all the day thro',
CHORUS.
Thro' each bright, sun-shi - ny hour?....
Do - ing your best just for oth - ers.
And the bright sun is not shin - ing.
Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz,
Gath - er some hon - ey each day;.....
Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz,
On - ly the kind - est words say;.....
Look for the good, as

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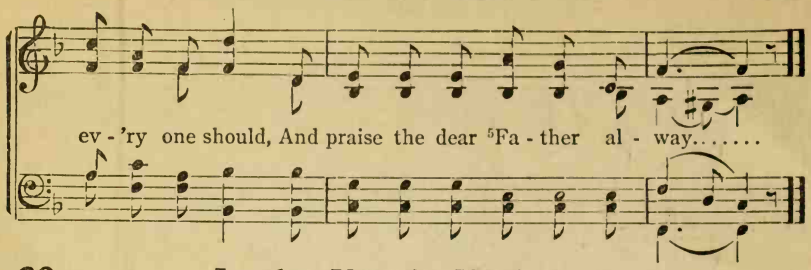
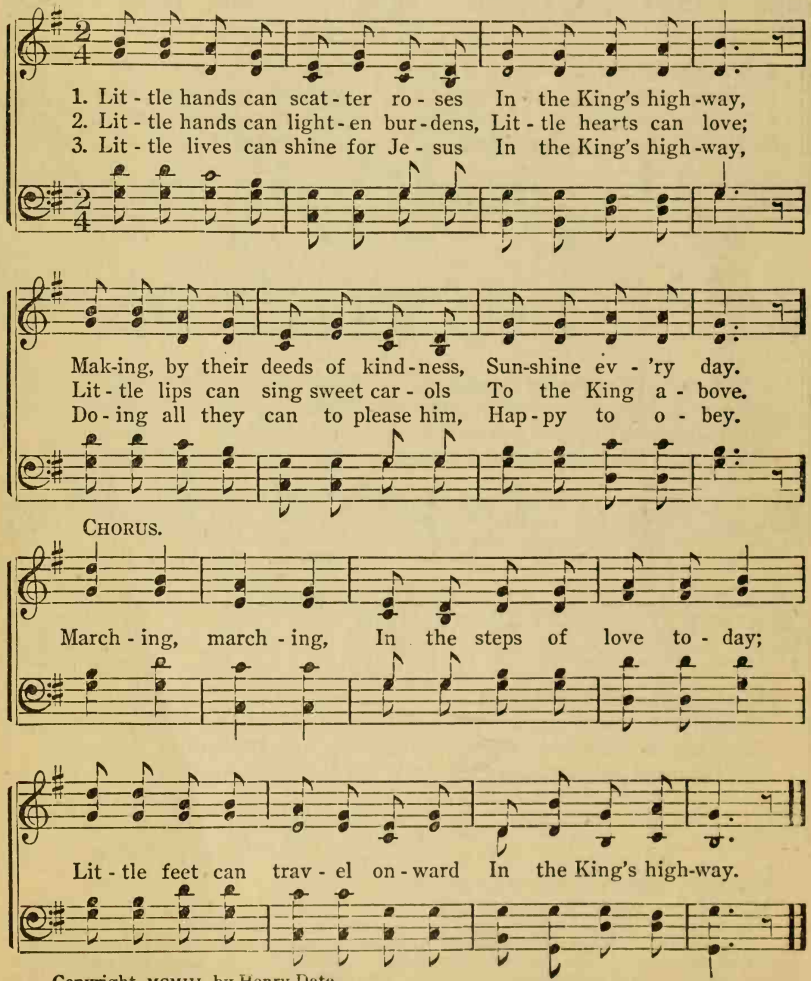
MOTIONS.—1, Make flying motion with hands. 2, Point to left, then to right. 3, Stand in a listless attitude, with drooping head, and arms hanging at sides. 4, Raise hands high with palms downward; bring them slowly downward. 5, Point up.

Honey Bees.



29 In the King's Highway.

E. E. Hewitt. Benjamin Franklin Butts.


1. Lit - tle hands can scat - ter ro - ses In the King's high - way,
2. Lit - tle hands can light - en bur - dens, Lit - tle hearts can love;
3. Lit - tle lives can shine for Je - sus In the King's high - way,
Mak-ing, by their deeds of kind - ness, Sun-shine ev - 'ry day.
Lit - tle lips can sing sweet car - ols To the King a - bove.
Do - ing all they can to please him, Hap - py to o - bey.
Chorus.
March - ing, march - ing, In the steps of love to - day;
Lit - tle feet can trav - el on - ward In the King's high-way.

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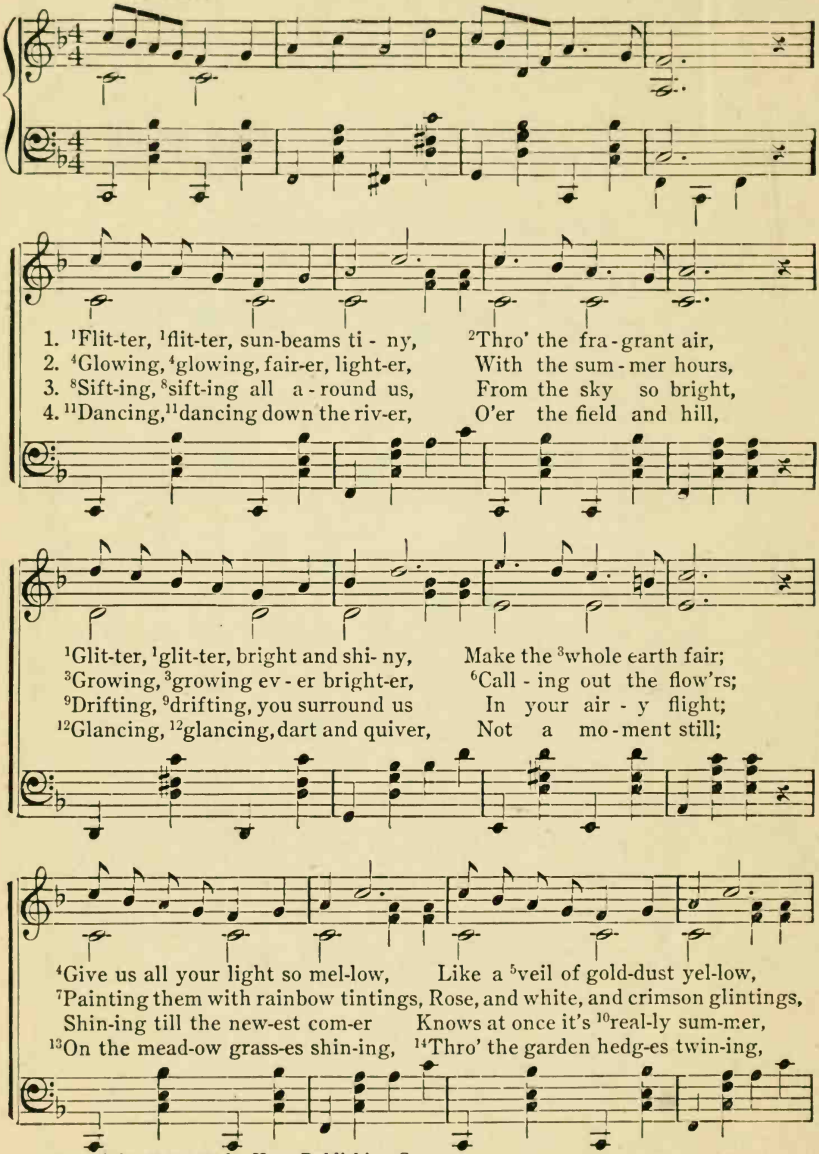
Sunbeam Motion Song.

EDITH S. TILLOTSON. IRA O. HOFFMAN.

Moderato.


1. [1]Flit-ter, [1]flit-ter, sun-beams ti - ny, [2]Thro' the fra-grant air,
2. [4]Glowing, [4]glowing, fair-er, light-er, With the sum-mer hours,
3. [8]Sift-ing, [8]sift-ing all a-round us, From the sky so bright,
4. [11]Dancing, [11]dancing down the riv-er, O'er the field and hill,
[1]Glit-ter, [1]glit-ter, bright and shi- ny, Make the [3]whole earth fair;
[3]Growing, [3]growing ev-er bright-er, [6]Call - ing out the flow'rs;
[9]Drifting, [9]drifting, you surround us In your air - y flight;
[12]Glancing, [12]glancing, dart and quiver, Not a mo-ment still;
[4]Give us all your light so mel-low, Like a [5]veil of gold-dust yel-low,
[7]Painting them with rainbow tintings, Rose, and white, and crimson glintings,
Shin-ing till the new-est com-er Knows at once it's [10]real-ly sum-mer,
[13]On the mead-ow grass-es shin-ing, [14]Thro' the garden hedg-es twin-ing,

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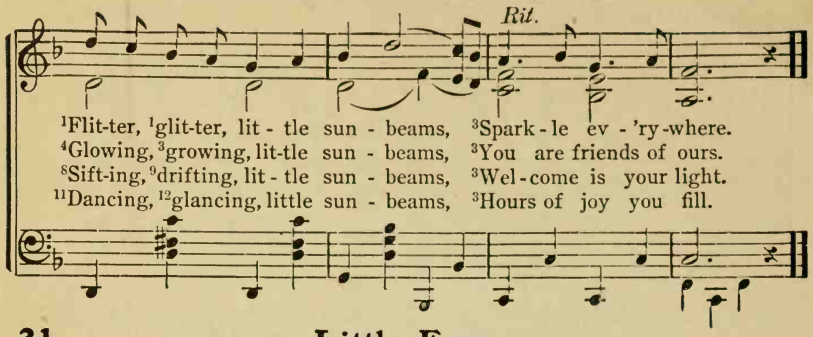
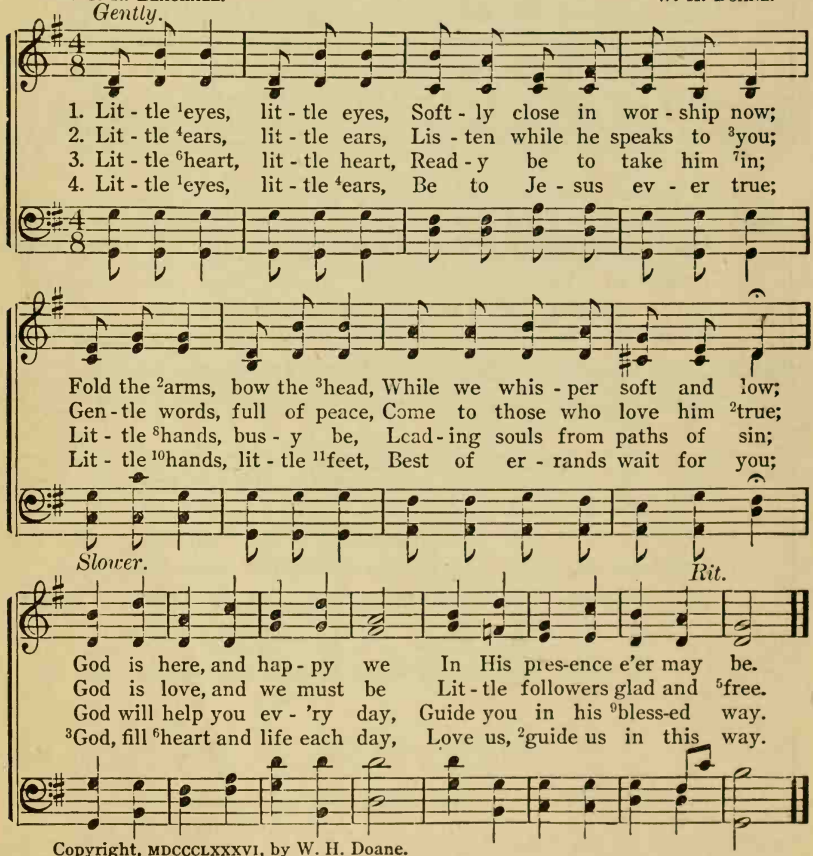
MOTIONS.—1, Arms extended, fingers moving. 2, Arms downward, fingers moving. 3, Arms extended, fingers still. 4, Arms up. 5, Hands moved before face. 6, Lower hands, then raise slowly. 7, Move arms like arch. 8, Arms raised, and moved slowly down. 9, Arms moved slowly side to side. 10, Hands clasped, as if delighted. 11, Arms moved slanting, fingers moving. 12, Arms extended level, fingers moving. 13, Right hand extended. 14, Left hand extended.

Sunbeam Motion Song.


Rit.
[1]Flit-ter, [1]glit-ter, lit - tle sun - beams, [3]Spark - le ev - 'ry-where.
[4]Glowing, [3]growing, lit-tle sun - beams, [3]You are friends of ours.
[8]Sift-ing, [9]drifting, lit - tle sun - beams, [3]Wel-come is your light.
[11]Dancing, [12]glancing, little sun - beams, [3]Hours of joy you fill.

31 Little Eyes.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. W. H. Doane.

Gently.
1. Lit - tle [1]eyes, lit - tle eyes, Soft - ly close in wor - ship now;
2. Lit - tle [4]ears, lit - tle ears, Lis - ten while he speaks to [3]you;
3. Lit - tle [6]heart, lit - tle heart, Read - y be to take him [7]in;
4. Lit - tle [1]eyes, lit - tle [4]ears, Be to Je - sus ev - er true;
Fold the [2]arms, bow the [3]head, While we whis - per soft and low;
Gen - tle words, full of peace, Come to those who love him [2]true;
Lit - tle [8]hands, bus - y be, Lead - ing souls from paths of sin;
Lit - tle [10]hands, lit - tle [11]feet, Best of er - rands wait for you;
Slower.
Rit.
God is here, and hap - py we In His pres-ence e'er may be.
God is love, and we must be Lit - tle followers glad and [5]free.
God will help you ev - 'ry day, Guide you in his [9]bless-ed way.
[3]God, fill [6]heart and life each day, Love us, [2]guide us in this way.

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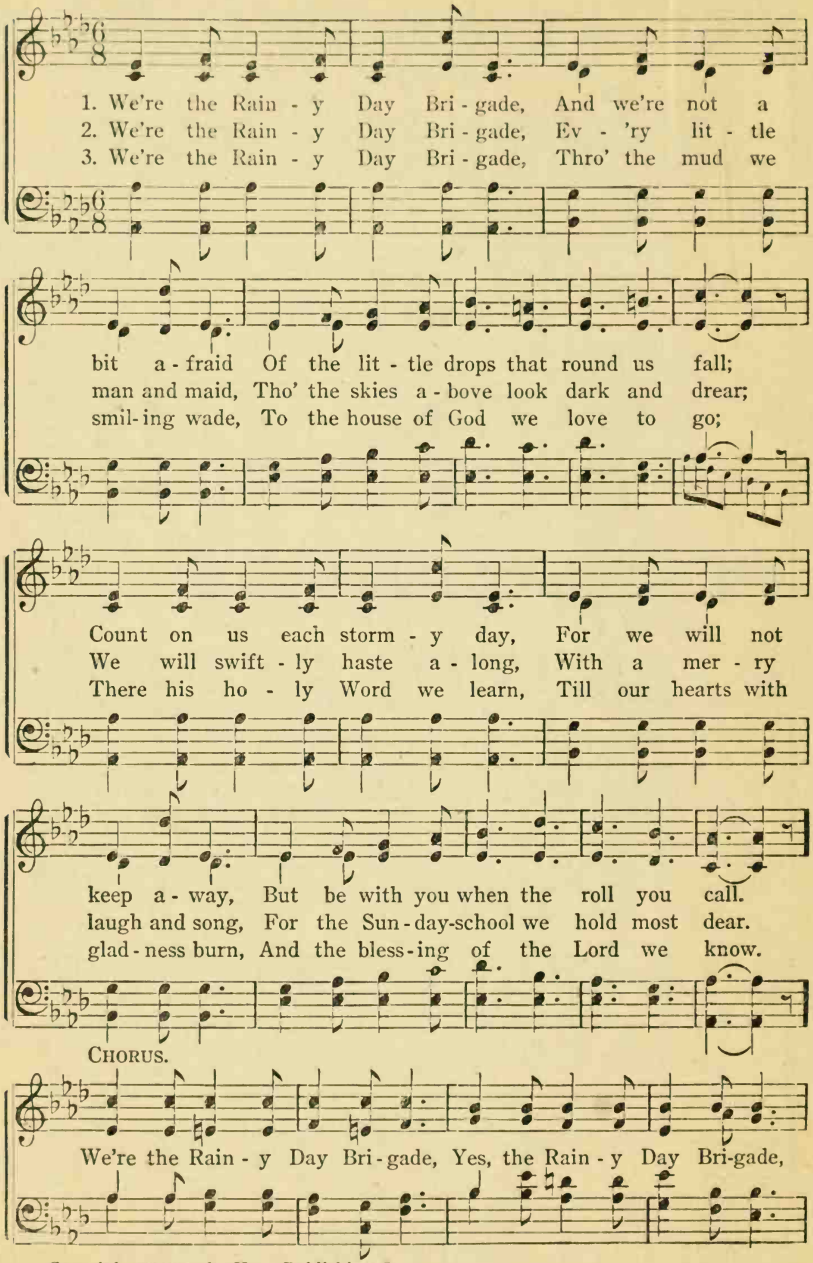
Motions.—1, Touch eyes. 2, Fold arms. 3, Bow head. 4, Touch ears. 5, Raise hands. 6, Right hand over heart. 7, Spread hands and arms. 8, Wave hands from side to side. 9, Point upward with forefinger of right hand. 10, Raise hands and move them. 11, Raise feet alternately, as in walking.

32 The Rainy Day Brigade.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We're the Rain - y Day Bri - gade, And we're not a
2. We're the Rain - y Day Bri - gade, Ev - 'ry lit - tle
3. We're the Rain - y Day Bri - gade, Thro' the mud we
bit a - fraid Of the lit - tle drops that round us fall;
man and maid, Tho' the skies a - bove look dark and drear;
smil - ing wade, To the house of God we love to go;
Count on us each storm - y day, For we will not
We will swift - ly haste a - long, With a mer - ry
There his ho - ly Word we learn, Till our hearts with
keep a - way, But be with you when the roll you call.
laugh and song, For the Sun - day-school we hold most dear.
glad - ness burn, And the bless - ing of the Lord we know.
CHORUS.
We're the Rain - y Day Bri - gade, Yes, the Rain - y Day Bri-gade,

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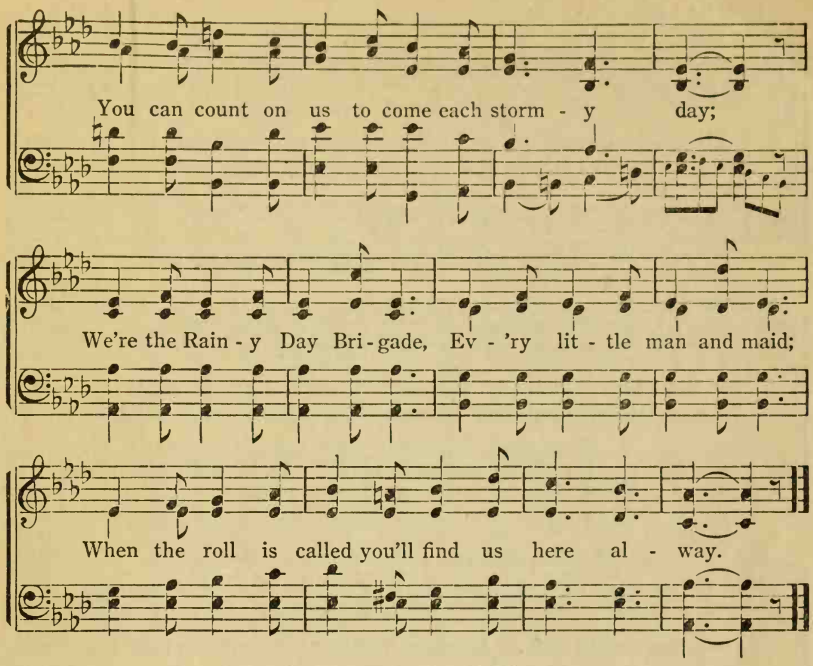
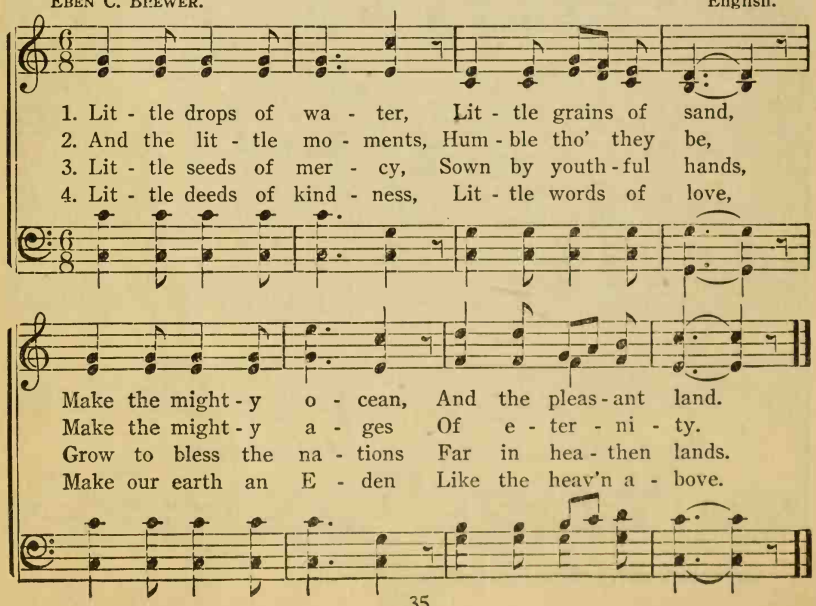
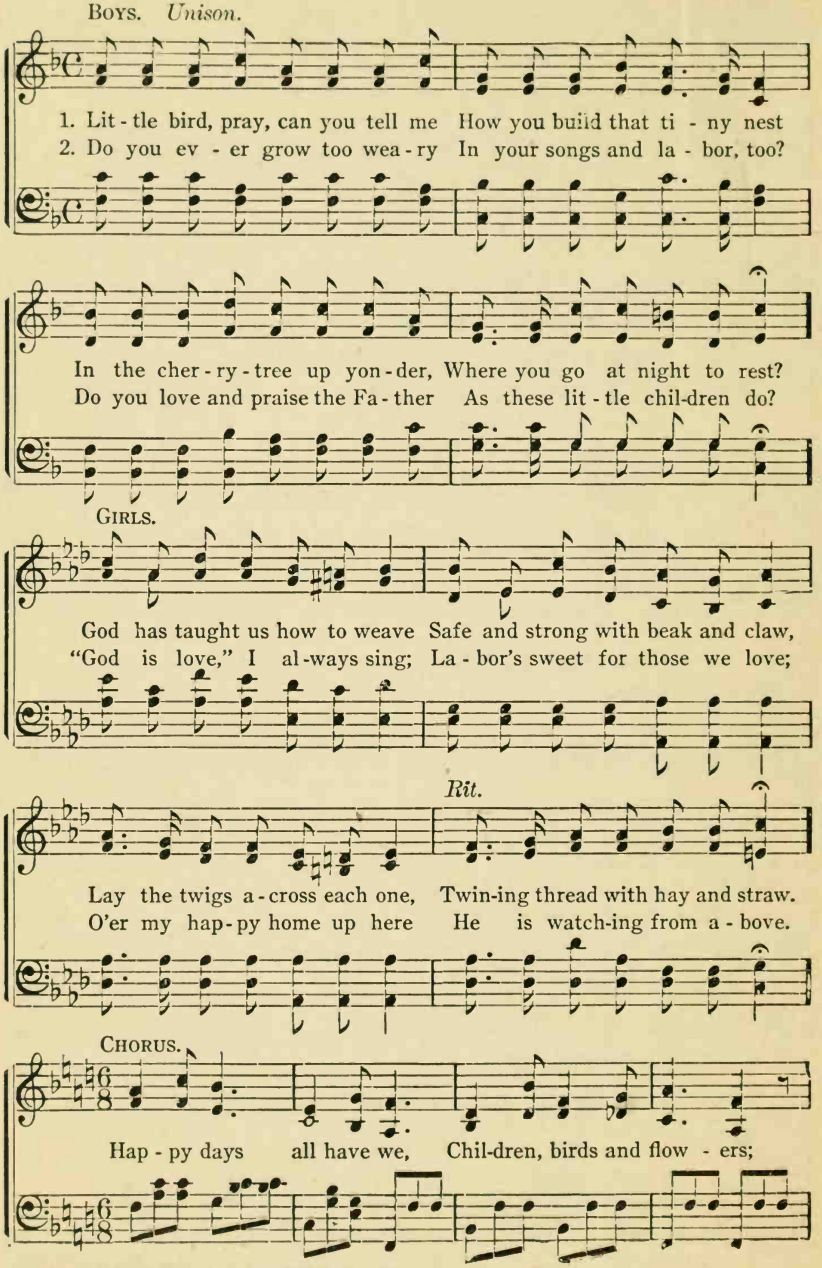
The Rainy Day Brigade.


You can count on us to come each storm - y day;
We're the Rain - y Day Bri - gade, Ev - 'ry lit - tle man and maid;
When the roll is called you'll find us here al - way.

33 Little Drops of Water.

EBEN C. BREWER. English.


1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand,
2. And the lit - tle mo - ments, Hum - ble tho' they be,
3. Lit - tle seeds of mer - cy, Sown by youth - ful hands,
4. Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness, Lit - tle words of love,
Make the might - y o - cean, And the pleas - ant land.
Make the might - y a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty.
Grow to bless the na - tions Far in hea - then lands.
Make our earth an E - den Like the heav'n a - bove.

KATE DE LAND. W. A. POST.

BOYS. Unison.
1. Lit - tle bird, pray, can you tell me How you build that ti - ny nest
2. Do you ev - er grow too wea - ry In your songs and la - bor, too?
In the cher - ry - tree up yon - der, Where you go at night to rest?
Do you love and praise the Fa - ther As these lit - tle chil-dren do?
GIRLS.
God has taught us how to weave Safe and strong with beak and claw,
"God is love," I al-ways sing; La - bor's sweet for those we love;
Rit.
Lay the twigs a - cross each one, Twin-ing thread with hay and straw.
O'er my hap - py home up here He is watch-ing from a - bove.
CHORUS.
Hap - py days all have we, Chil-dren, birds and flow - ers;

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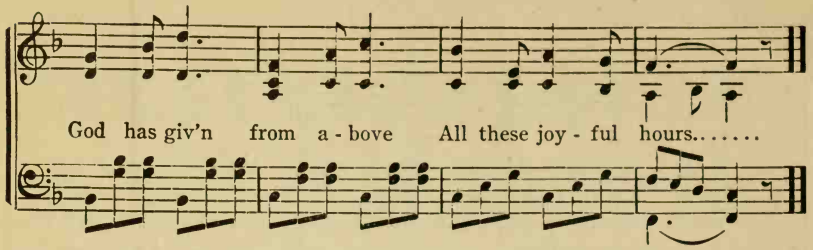
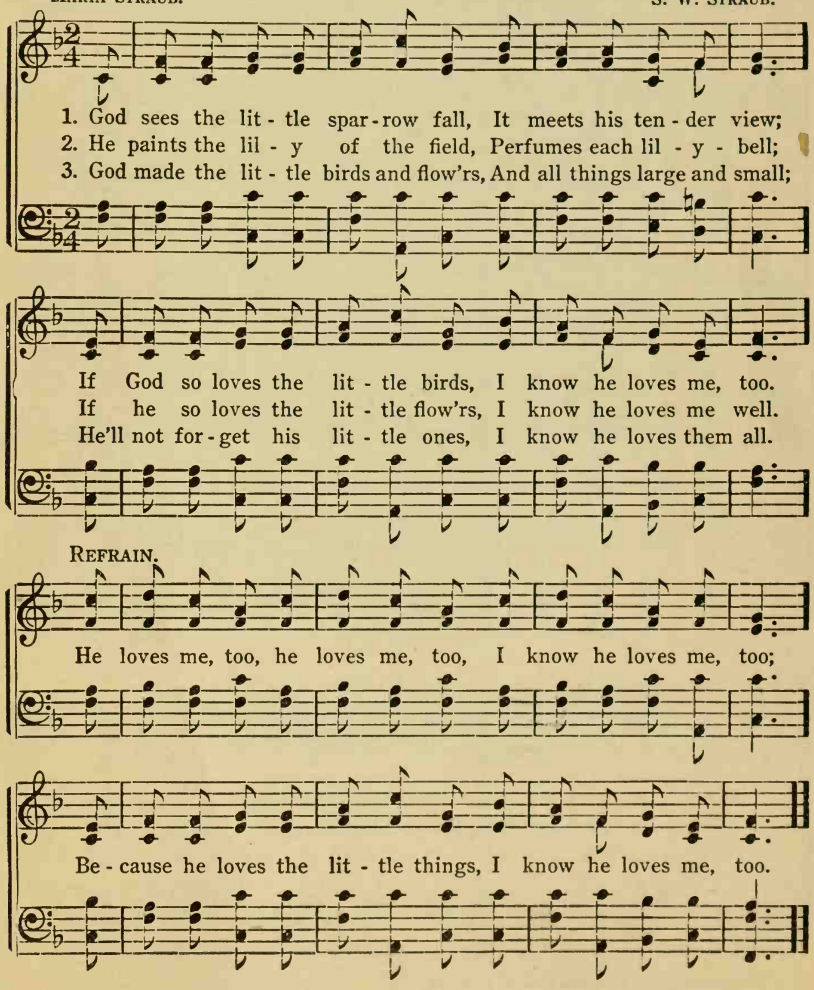
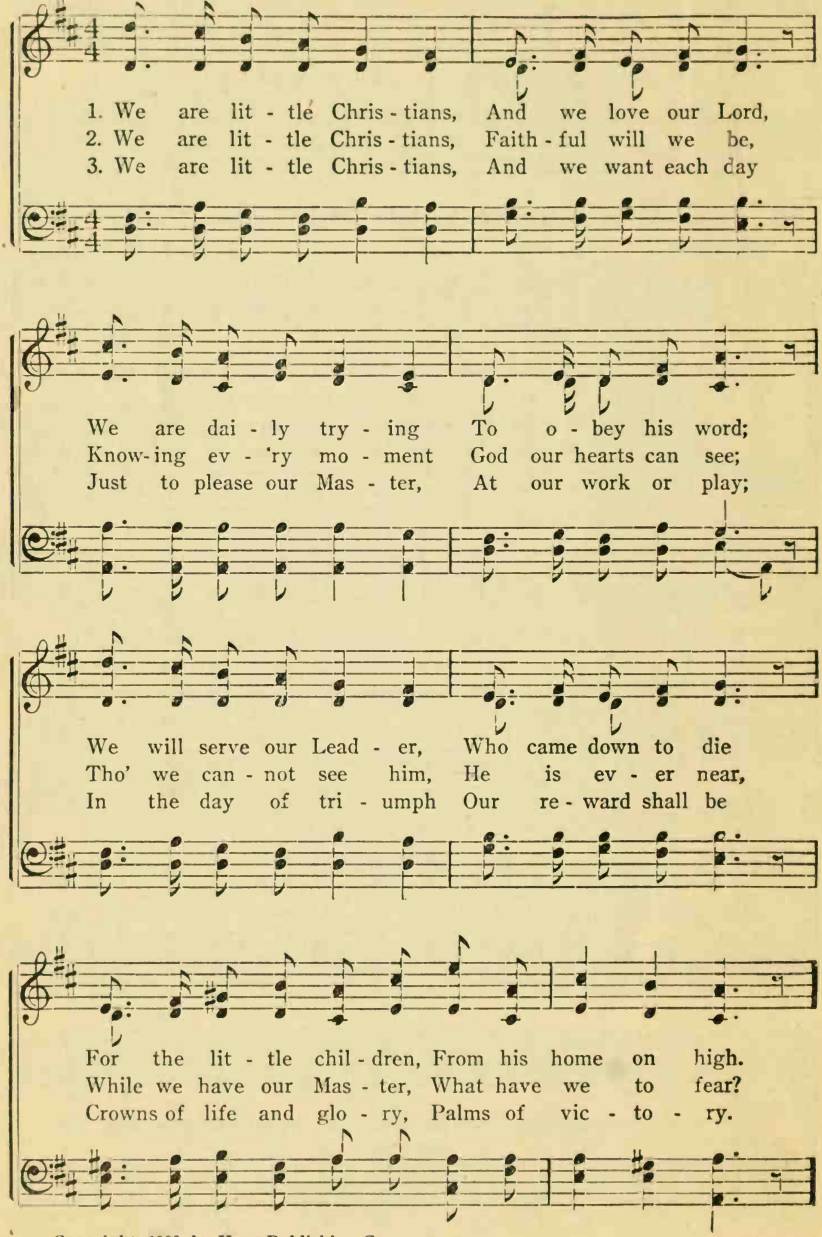
Children, Birds and Flowers.

35 God Sees the Little Sparrow Fall.

MARIA STRAUB. S. W. STRAUB.


1. God sees the lit - tle spar - row fall, It meets his ten - der view;
2. He paints the lil - y of the field, Perfumes each lil - y - bell;
3. God made the lit - tle birds and flow'rs, And all things large and small;
If God so loves the lit - tle birds, I know he loves me, too.
If he so loves the lit - tle flow'rs, I know he loves me well.
He'll not for - get his lit - tle ones, I know he loves them all.
REFRAIN.
He loves me, too, he loves me, too, I know he loves me, too;
Be - cause he loves the lit - tle things, I know he loves me, too.

36 We Are Little Christians.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. IRA O. HOFFMAN.

Lively.

1. We are lit - tle Chris - tians, And we love our Lord,
2. We are lit - tle Chris - tians, Faith - ful will we be,
3. We are lit - tle Chris - tians, And we want each day
We are dai - ly try - ing To o - bey his word;
Know - ing ev - 'ry mo - ment God our hearts can see;
Just to please our Mas - ter, At our work or play;
We will serve our Lead - er, Who came down to die
Tho' we can - not see him, He is ev - er near,
In the day of tri - umph Our re - ward shall be
For the lit - tle chil - dren, From his home on high.
While we have our Mas - ter, What have we to fear?
Crowns of life and glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry.

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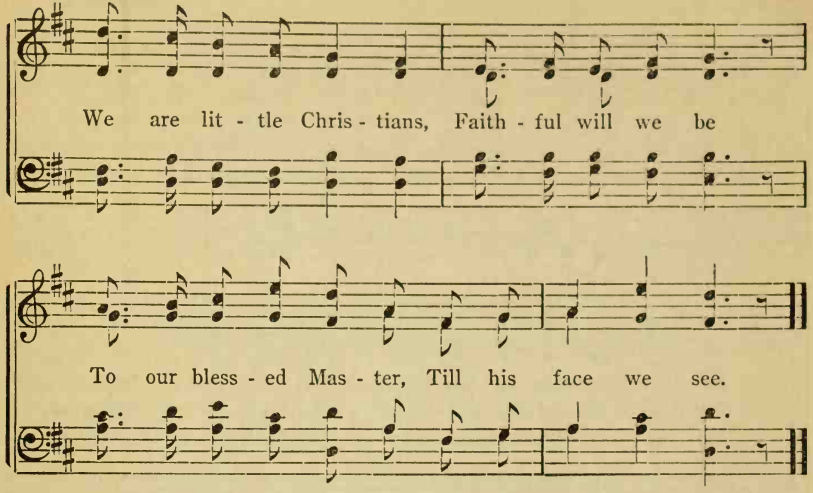
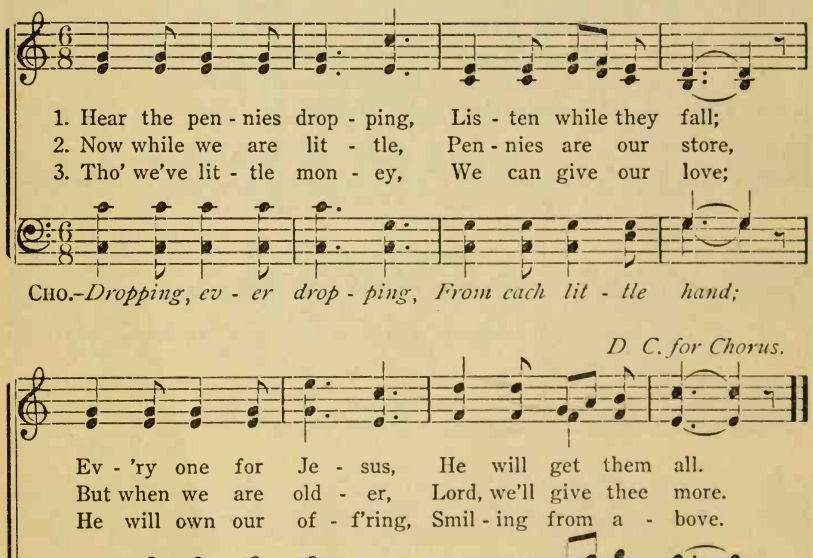
We Are Little Christians.

CHORUS.

37 Hear the Pennies Dropping.

FIDELIA H. DE WITT. ARR. by F. E. BELDEN.


1. Hear the pen - nies drop - ping, Lis - ten while they fall;
2. Now while we are lit - tle, Pen - nies are our store,
3. Tho' we've lit - tle mon - ey, We can give our love;
CHO.-Dropping, ev - er drop - ping, From each lit - tle hand;
D. C. for Chorus.
Ev - 'ry one for Je - sus, He will get them all.
But when we are old - er, Lord, we'll give thee more.
He will own our of - f'ring, Smil - ing from a - bove.
'Tis our gift to Je - sus From his lit - tle band.

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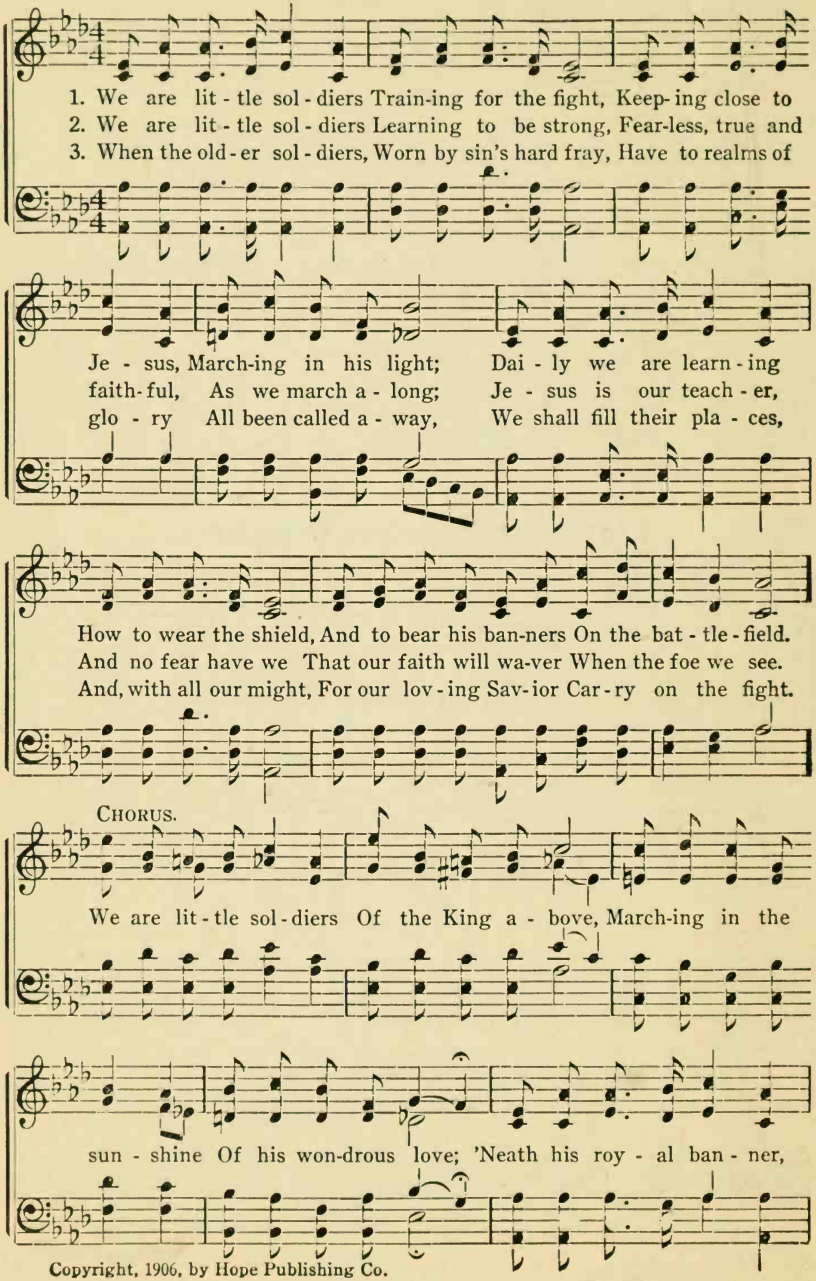
Little Soldiers.

JAMES ROWE. THORO HARRIS.

1. We are lit - tle sol - diers Train-ing for the fight, Keep- ing close to
2. We are lit - tle sol - diers Learning to be strong, Fear-less, true and
3. When the old - er sol - diers, Worn by sin's hard fray, Have to realms of
Je - sus, March-ing in his light; Dai - ly we are learn - ing
faith- ful, As we march a - long; Je - sus is our teach - er,
glo - ry All been called a - way, We shall fill their pla - ces,
How to wear the shield, And to bear his ban-ners On the bat - tle - field.
And no fear have we That our faith will wa-ver When the foe we see.
And, with all our might, For our lov - ing Sav-ior Car - ry on the fight.
CHORUS.
We are lit - tle sol - diers Of the King a - bove, March-ing in the
sun - shine Of his won-drous love; 'Neath his roy - al ban - ner,

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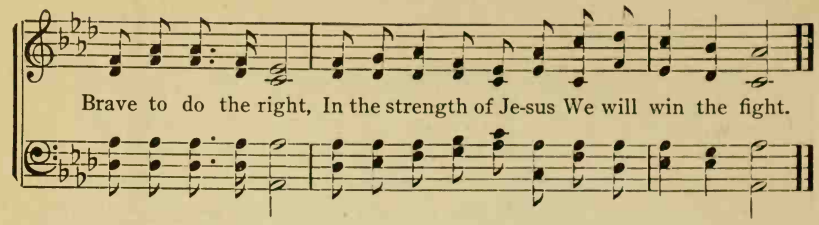
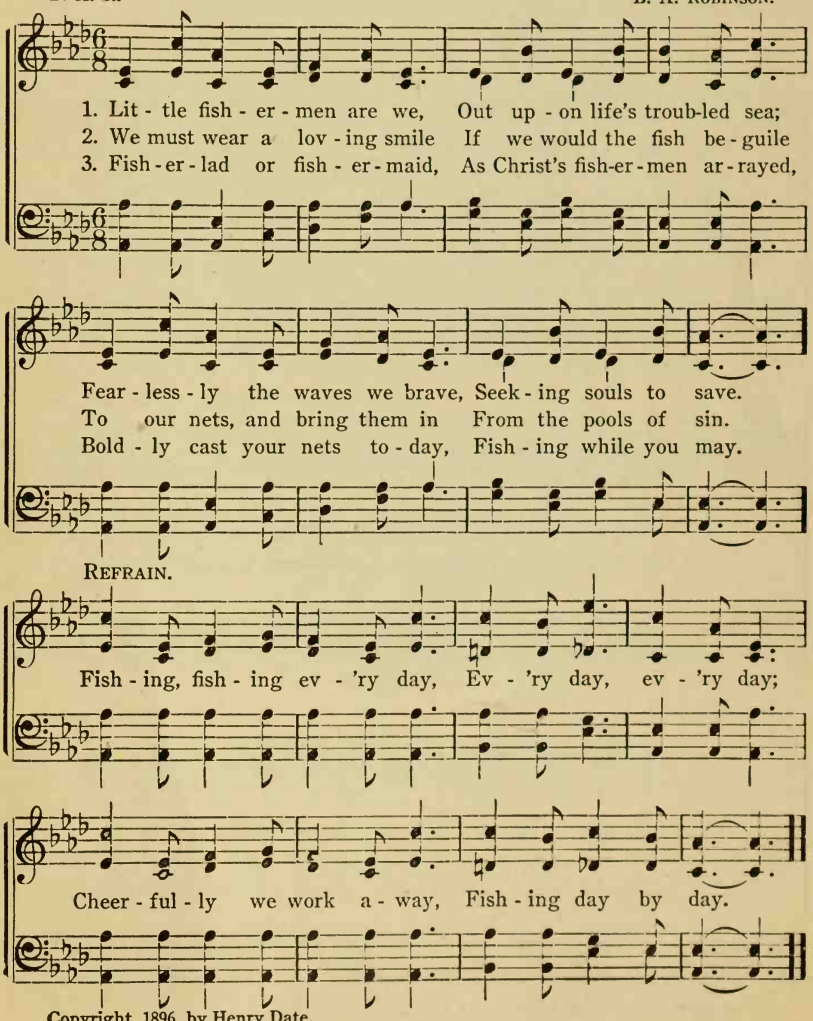
Little Soldiers.



39 Little Fishermen.

B. A. R. B. A. Robinson.


1. Lit - tle fish - er - men are we, Out up - on life's troub-led sea;
2. We must wear a lov - ing smile If we would the fish be - guile
3. Fish - er - lad or fish - er - maid, As Christ's fish-er - men ar - rayed,
Fear - less - ly the waves we brave, Seek - ing souls to save.
To our nets, and bring them in From the pools of sin.
Bold - ly cast your nets to - day, Fish - ing while you may.
Refrain.
Fish - ing, fish - ing ev - 'ry day, Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day;
Cheer - ful - ly we work a - way, Fish - ing day by day.

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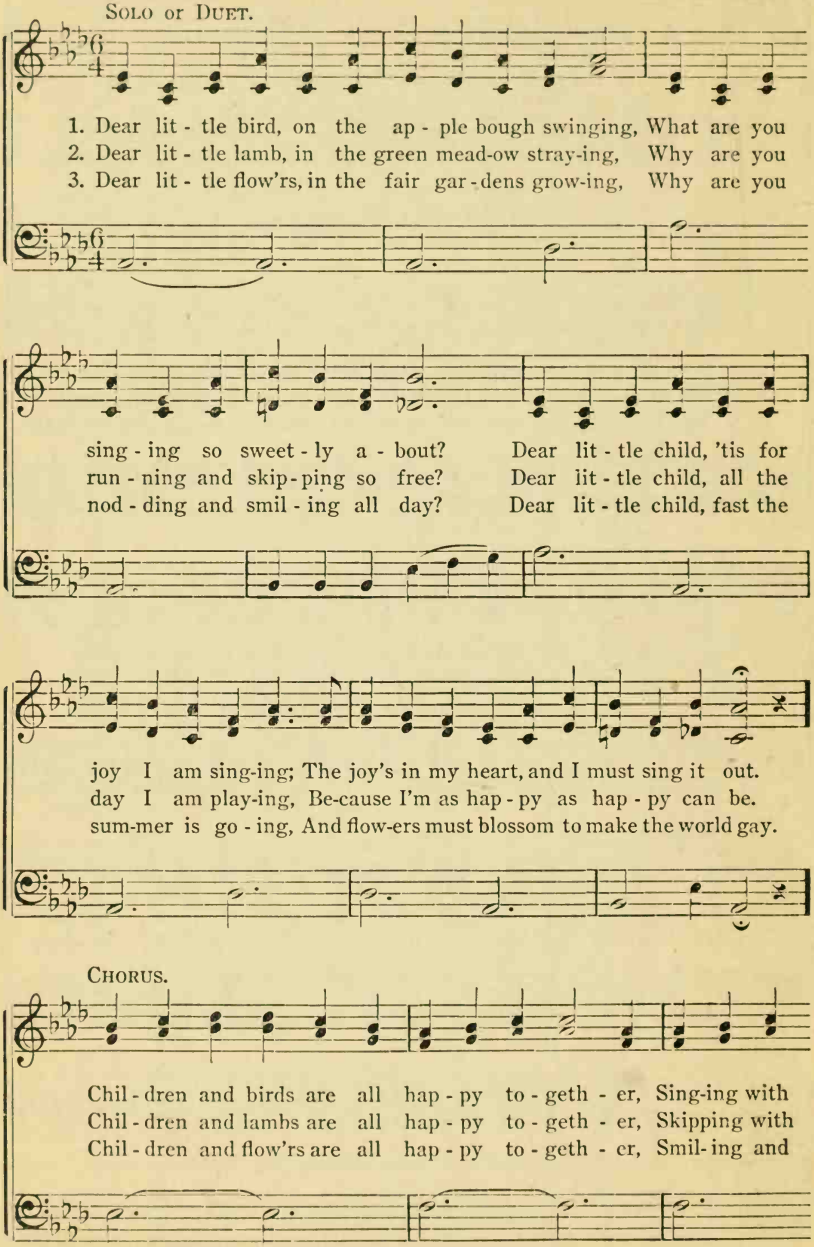
Children's Joy.

JULIA E. BURNARD. M. L. MCPHAIL.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Dear lit - tle bird, on the ap - ple bough swinging, What are you
2. Dear lit - tle lamb, in the green mead-ow stray-ing, Why are you
3. Dear lit - tle flow'rs, in the fair gar - dens grow-ing, Why are you
sing - ing so sweet - ly a - bout? Dear lit - tle child, 'tis for
run - ning and skip - ping so free? Dear lit - tle child, all the
nod - ding and smil - ing all day? Dear lit - tle child, fast the
joy I am sing-ing; The joy's in my heart, and I must sing it out.
day I am play-ing, Be-cause I'm as hap - py as hap - py can be.
sum-mer is go - ing, And flow-ers must blossom to make the world gay.

CHORUS.

Chil - dren and birds are all hap - py to - geth - er, Sing-ing with
Chil - dren and lambs are all hap - py to - geth - er, Skipping with
Chil - dren and flow'rs are all hap - py to - geth - er, Smil - ing and

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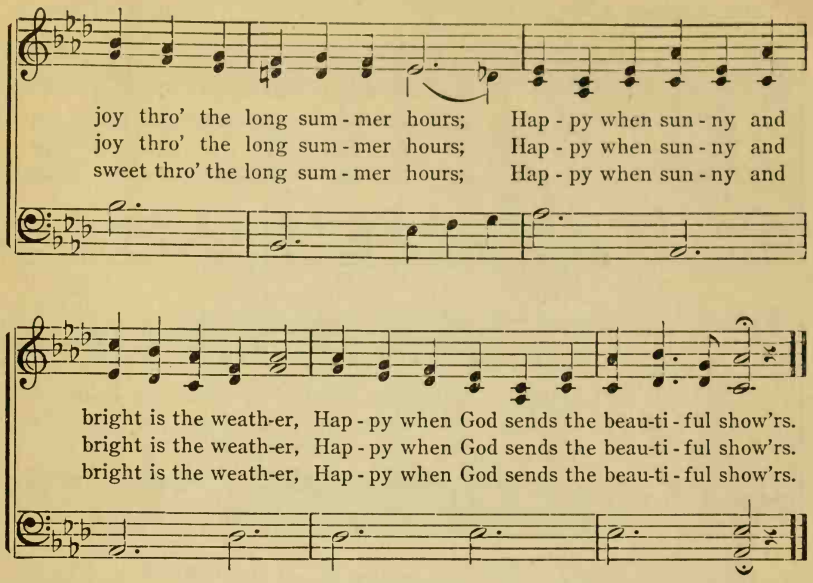
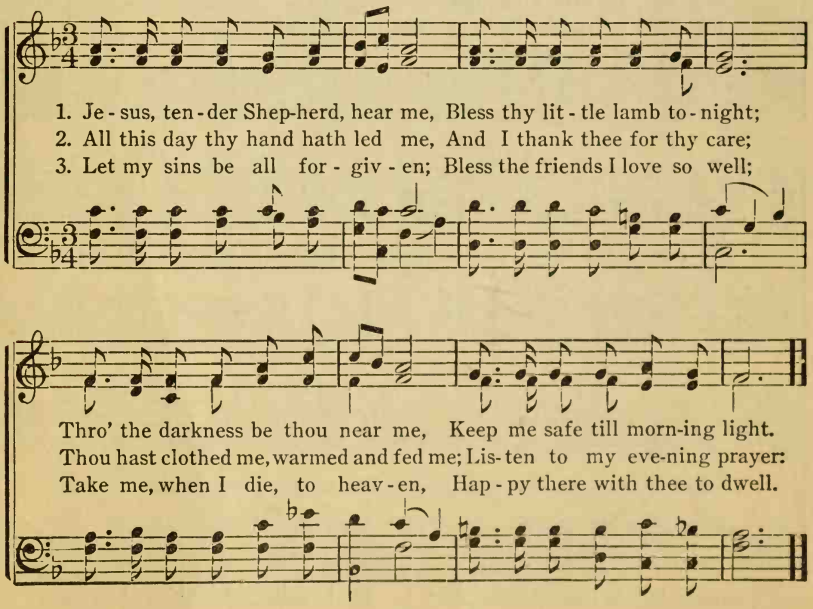
Children's Joy.

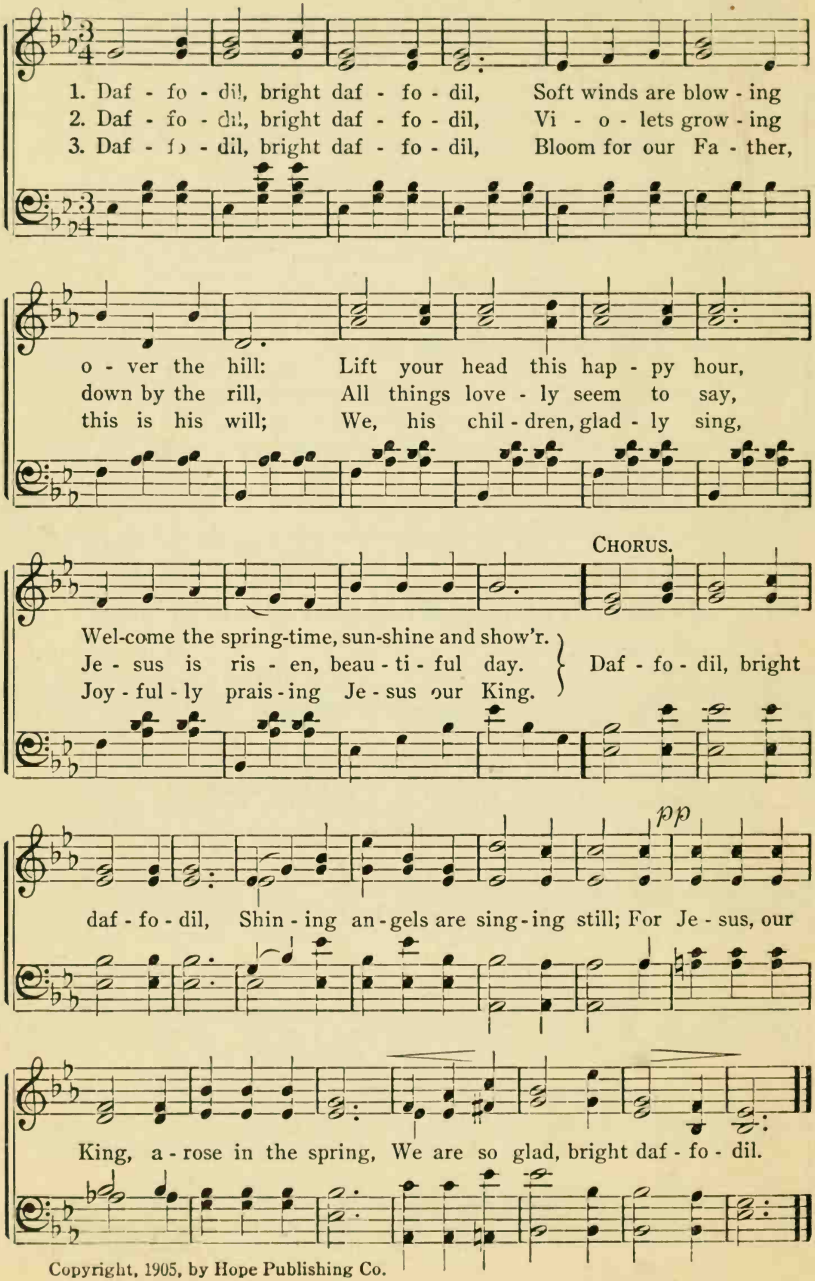

joy thro' the long sum - mer hours; Hap - py when sun - ny and
joy thro' the long sum - mer hours; Hap - py when sun - ny and
sweet thro' the long sum - mer hours; Hap - py when sun - ny and
bright is the weath-er, Hap - py when God sends the beau-ti - ful show'rs.
bright is the weath-er, Hap - py when God sends the beau-ti - ful show'rs.
bright is the weath-er, Hap - py when God sends the beau-ti - ful show'rs.

41 Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN. J. B. DYKES.


1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me, Bless thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day thy hand hath led me, And I thank thee for thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;
Thro' the darkness be thou near me, Keep me safe till morn-ing light.
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me; Lis-ten to my eve-ning prayer:
Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with thee to dwell.

42 Daffodil, Bright Daffodil.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Daf - fo - dil, bright daf - fo - dil, Soft winds are blow - ing
2. Daf - fo - dil, bright daf - fo - dil, Vi - o - lets grow - ing
3. Daf - fo - dil, bright daf - fo - dil, Bloom for our Fa - ther,
o - ver the hill: Lift your head this hap - py hour,
down by the rill, All things love - ly seem to say,
this is his will; We, his chil - dren, glad - ly sing,
Chorus.
Wel-come the spring-time, sun-shine and show'r.
Je - sus is ris - en, beau - ti - ful day.
Joy - ful - ly prais - ing Je - sus our King.
Daf - fo - dil, bright
pp
daf - fo - dil, Shin - ing an - gels are sing - ing still; For Je - sus, our
King, a - rose in the spring, We are so glad, bright daf - fo - dil.

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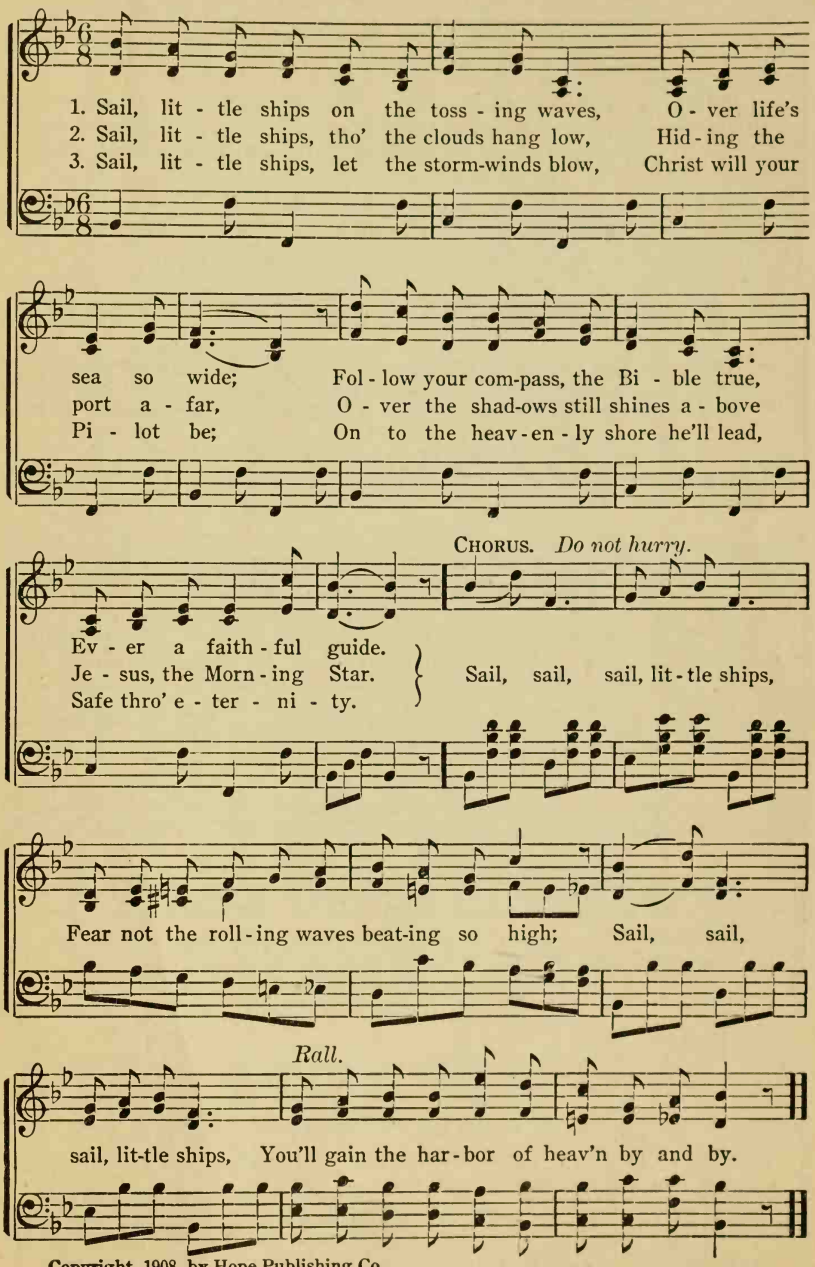
Sail, Little Ships.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. W. A. POST.

1. Sail, lit - tle ships on the toss - ing waves, O - ver life's
2. Sail, lit - tle ships, tho' the clouds hang low, Hid - ing the
3. Sail, lit - tle ships, let the storm-winds blow, Christ will your
sea so wide; Fol - low your com-pass, the Bi - ble true,
port a - far, O - ver the shad-ows still shines a - bove
Pi - lot be; On to the heav - en - ly shore he'll lead,
CHORUS. Do not hurry.
Ev - er a faith - ful guide.
Je - sus, the Morn - ing Star.
Safe thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
Sail, sail, sail, lit - tle ships,
Fear not the roll - ing waves beat-ing so high; Sail, sail,
Rall.
sail, lit-tle ships, You'll gain the har - bor of heav'n by and by.

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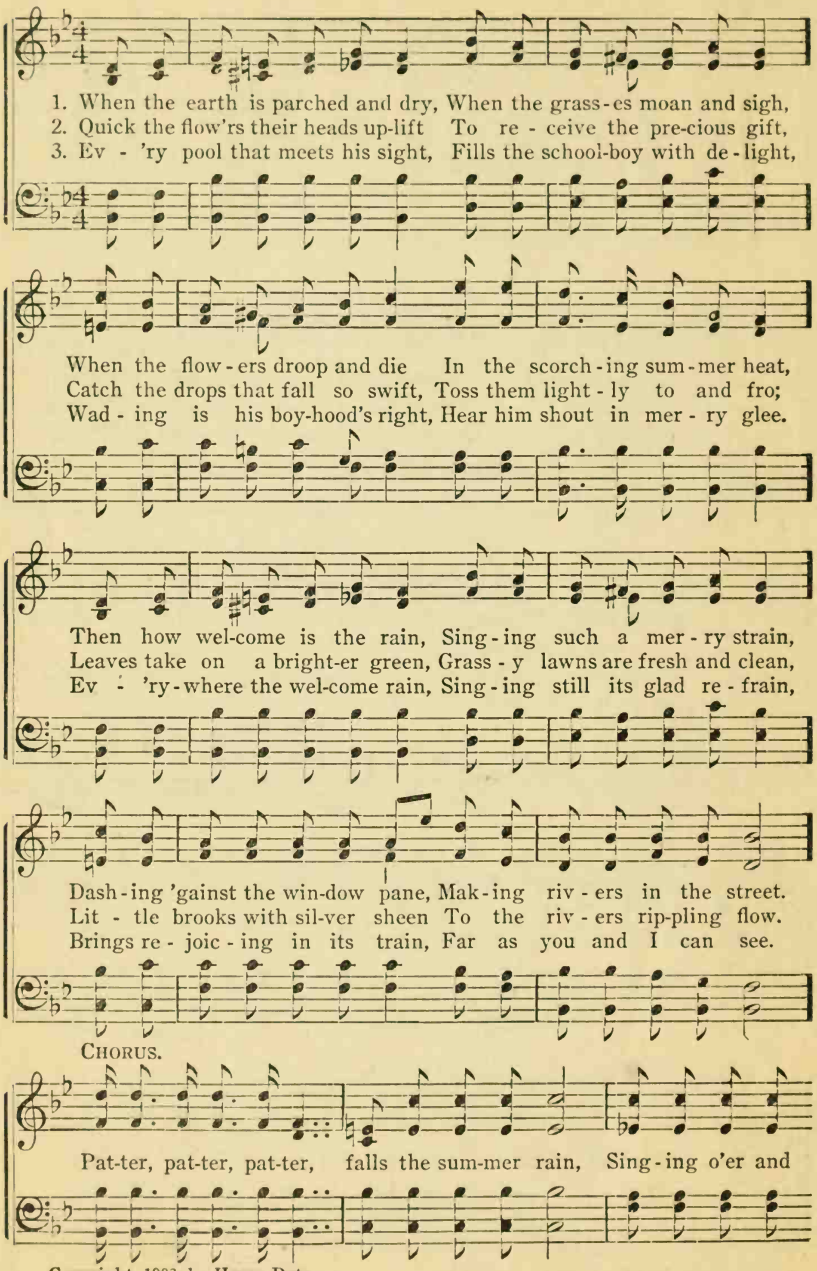
The Summer Rain.

JULIA E. BURNARD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. When the earth is parched and dry, When the grass-es moan and sigh,
2. Quick the flow'rs their heads up-lift To re - ceive the pre-cious gift,
3. Ev - 'ry pool that meets his sight, Fills the school-boy with de-light,
When the flow-ers droop and die In the scorch-ing sum-mer heat,
Catch the drops that fall so swift, Toss them light-ly to and fro;
Wad - ing is his boy-hood's right, Hear him shout in mer-ry glee.
Then how wel-come is the rain, Sing-ing such a mer-ry strain,
Leaves take on a bright-er green, Grass-y lawns are fresh and clean,
Ev - 'ry-where the wel-come rain, Sing-ing still its glad re-frain,
Dash-ing 'gainst the win-dow pane, Mak-ing riv-ers in the street.
Lit - tle brooks with sil-ver sheen To the riv-ers rip-pling flow.
Brings re-joic-ing in its train, Far as you and I can see.
CHORUS.
Pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, falls the sum-mer rain, Sing-ing o'er and

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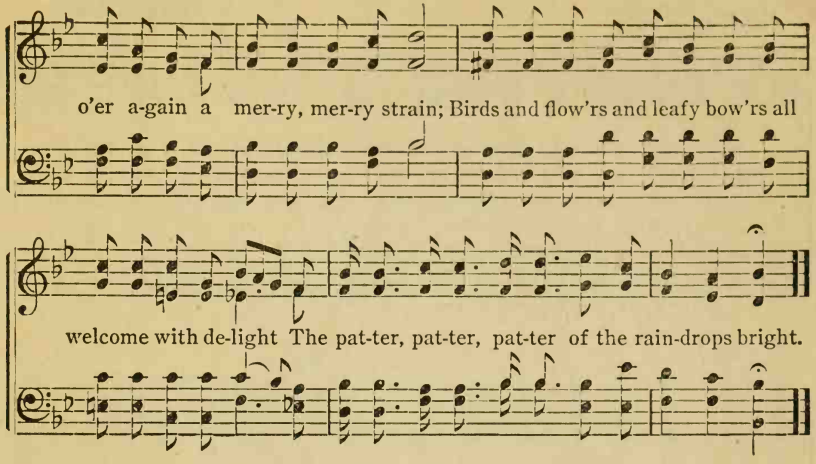
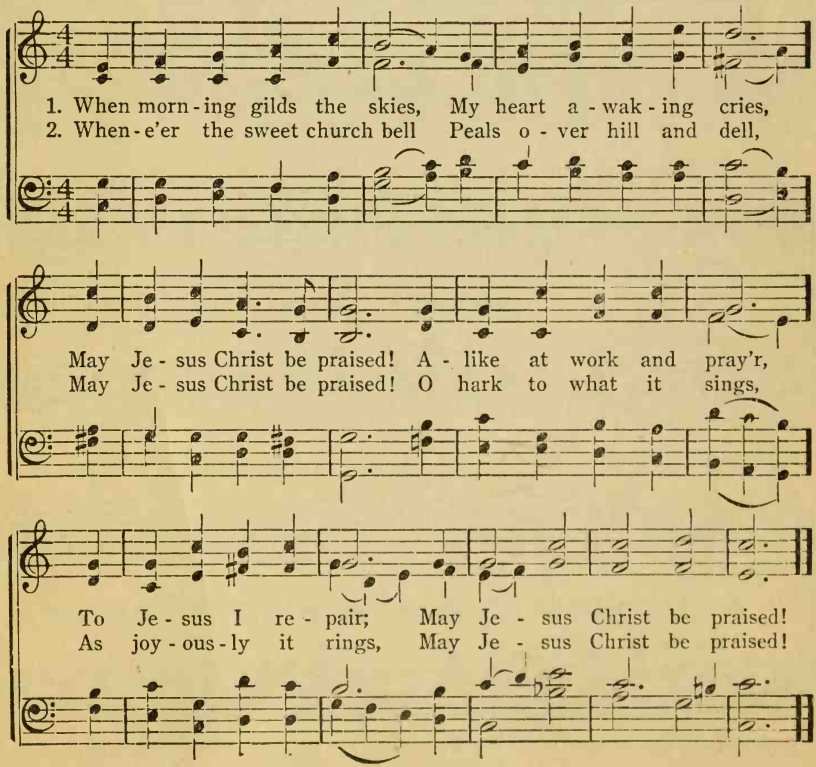
The Summer Rain.

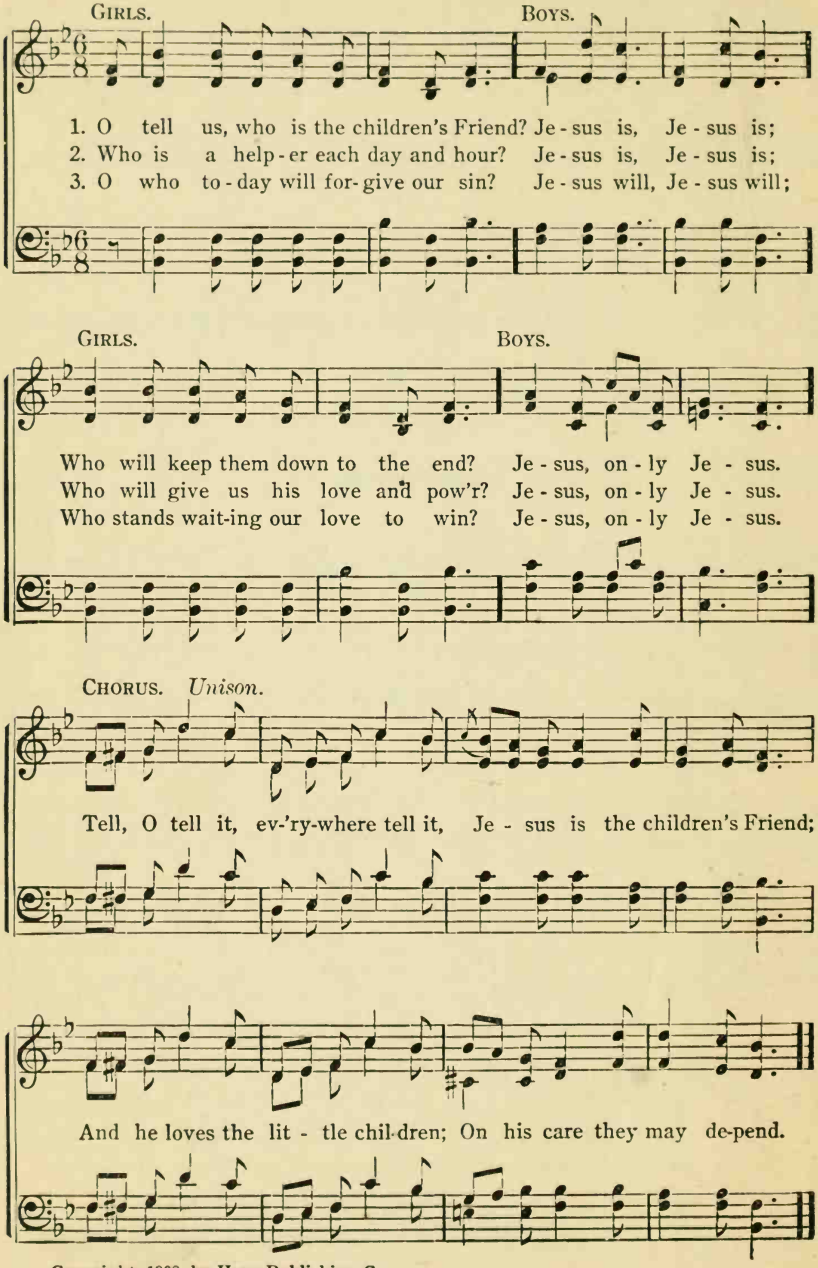

o'er a-gain a mer-ry, mer-ry strain; Birds and flow'rs and leafy bow'rs all
welcome with de-light The pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter of the rain-drops bright.

45 Morning.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries,
2. When-e'er the sweet church bell Peals o-ver hill and dell,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! A-like at work and pray'r,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! O hark to what it sings,
To Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be praised!
As joy-ous-ly it rings, May Je-sus Christ be praised!

46 The Children's Friend.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.


GIRLS.
BOYS.
1. O tell us, who is the children's Friend? Je - sus is, Je - sus is;
2. Who is a help - er each day and hour? Je - sus is, Je - sus is;
3. O who to - day will for - give our sin? Je - sus will, Je - sus will;
GIRLS.
BOYS.
Who will keep them down to the end? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
Who will give us his love and pow'r? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
Who stands wait-ing our love to win? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
CHORUS. *Unison.*
Tell, O tell it, ev-'ry-where tell it, Je - sus is the children's Friend;
And he loves the lit - tle chil-dren; On his care they may de-pend.

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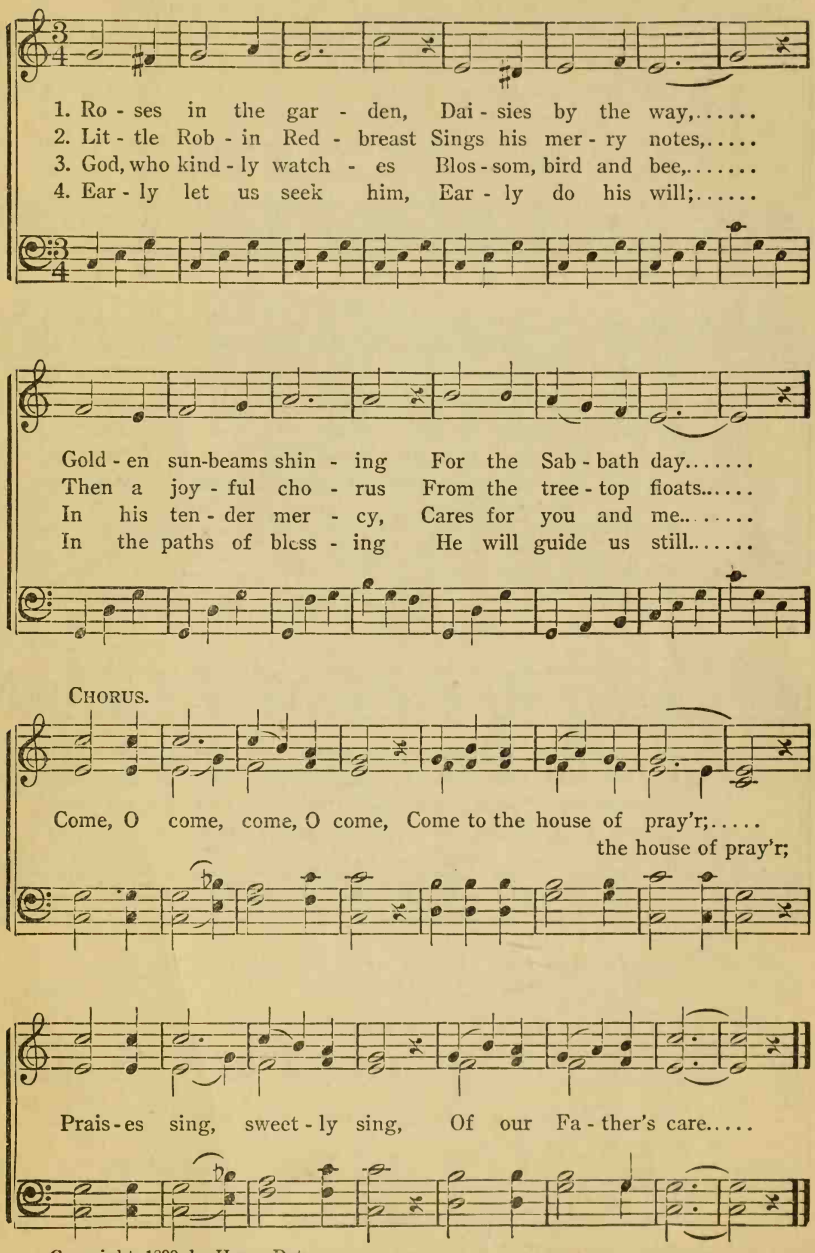
47 Roses in the Garden.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Ro - ses in the gar - den, Dai - sies by the way,.....
2. Lit - tle Rob - in Red - breast Sings his mer - ry notes,.....
3. God, who kind - ly watch - es Blos - som, bird and bee,.....
4. Ear - ly let us seek him, Ear - ly do his will;.....
Gold - en sun-beams shin - ing For the Sab - bath day.....
Then a joy - ful cho - rus From the tree - top floats.....
In his ten - der mer - cy, Cares for you and me.....
In the paths of bless - ing He will guide us still.....
Chorus.
Come, O come, come, O come, Come to the house of pray'r;.....
the house of pray'r;
Prais - es sing, sweet - ly sing, Of our Fa - ther's care.....

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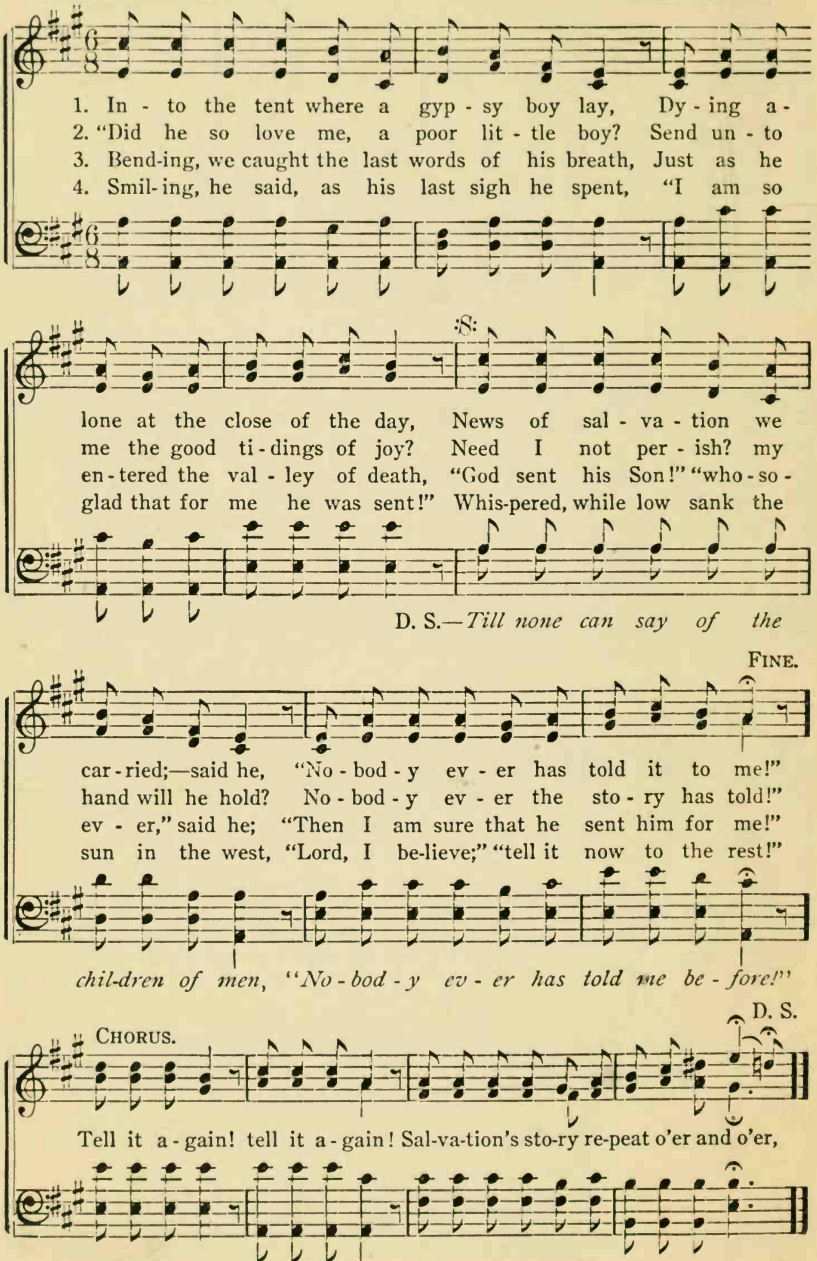
Tell It Again.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.


1. In - to the tent where a gyp - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a -
2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to
3. Bend-ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he
4. Smil- ing, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so
lone at the close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we
me the good ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my
en - tered the val - ley of death, "God sent his Son!" "who - so -
glad that for me he was sent!" Whis-pered, while low sank the
D. S.—Till none can say of the
FINE.
car - ried;—said he, "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
hand will he hold? No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
ev - er," said he; "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
sun in the west, "Lord, I be-lieve;" "tell it now to the rest!"
chil-dren of men, "No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore!"
D. S.
CHORUS.
Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain! Sal-va-tion's sto-ry re-peat o'er and o'er,

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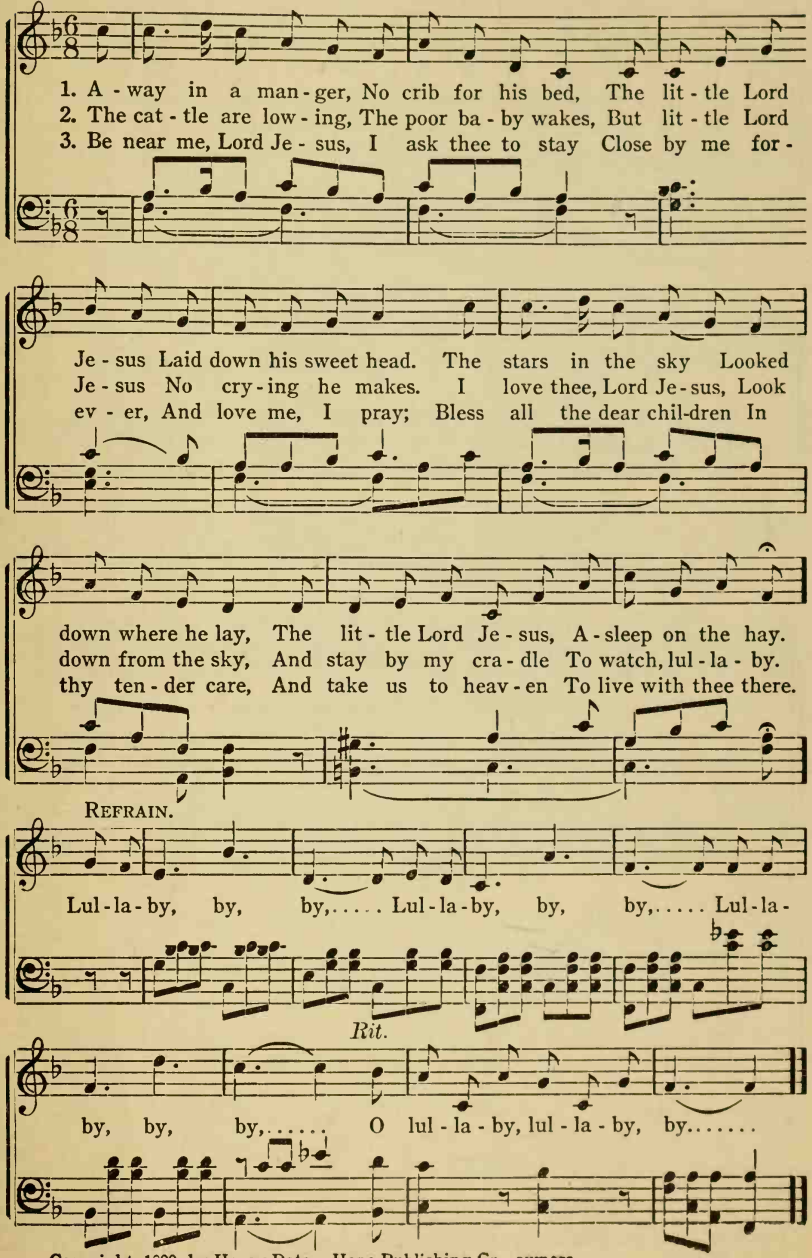
Luther's Cradle Hymn.

MARTIN LUTHER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for his bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, The poor ba - by wakes, But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask thee to stay Close by me for -
Je - sus Laid down his sweet head. The stars in the sky Looked
Je - sus No cry - ing he makes. I love thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil-dren In
down where he lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle To watch, lul - la - by.
thy ten - der care, And take us to heav - en To live with thee there.
REFRAIN.
Lul - la - by, by, by,..... Lul - la - by, by, by,..... Lul - la -
Rit.
by, by, by,..... O lul - la - by, lul - la - by, by.....

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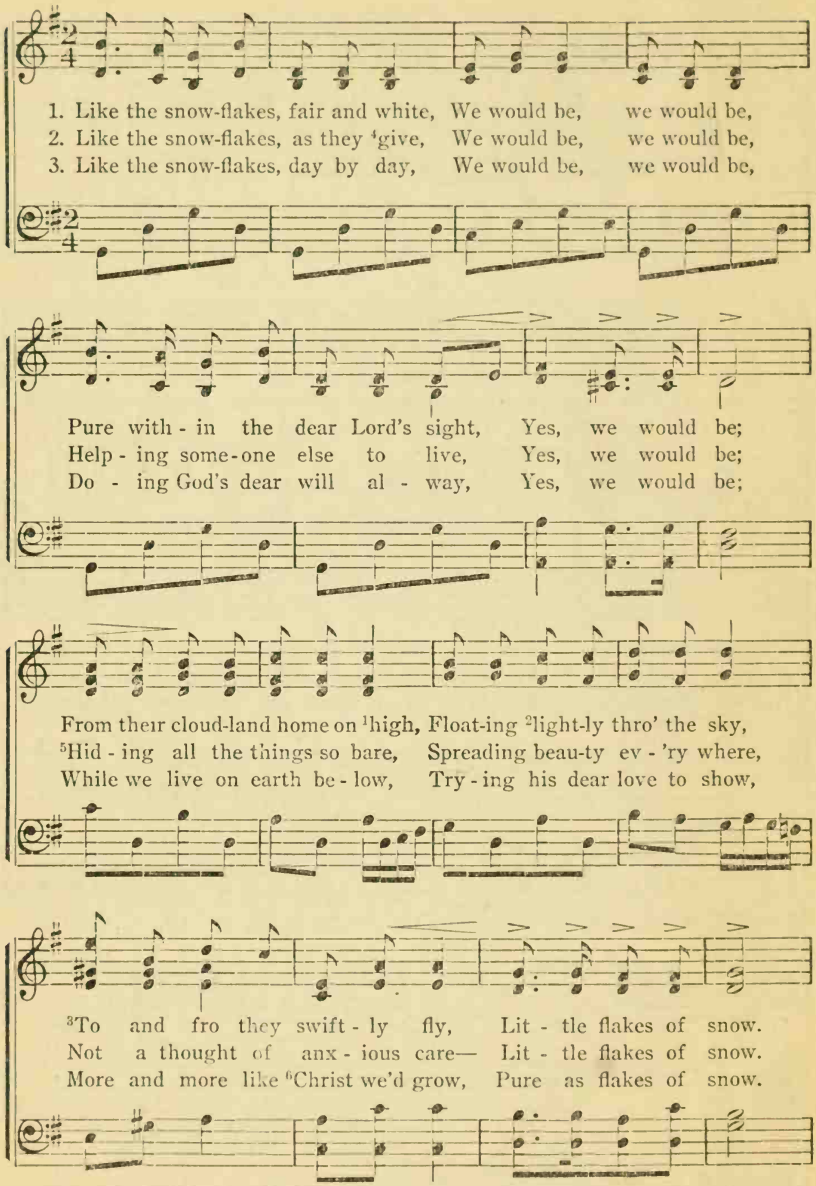
50 Little Flakes of Snow.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. W. A. POST.

1. Like the snow-flakes, fair and white, We would be, we would be,
2. Like the snow-flakes, as they [4]give, We would be, we would be,
3. Like the snow-flakes, day by day, We would be, we would be,
Pure with - in the dear Lord's sight, Yes, we would be;
Help - ing some-one else to live, Yes, we would be;
Do - ing God's dear will al - way, Yes, we would be;
From their cloud-land home on [1]high, Float-ing [2]light-ly thro' the sky,
[5]Hid - ing all the things so bare, Spreading beau-ty ev - 'ry where,
While we live on earth be - low, Try - ing his dear love to show,
[3]To and fro they swift - ly fly, Lit - tle flakes of snow.
Not a thought of anx - ious care— Lit - tle flakes of snow.
More and more like [6]Christ we'd grow, Pure as flakes of snow.

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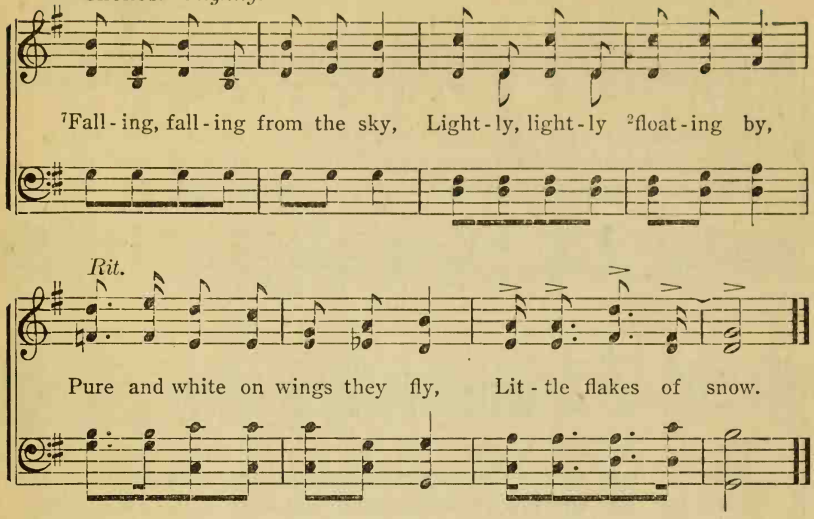
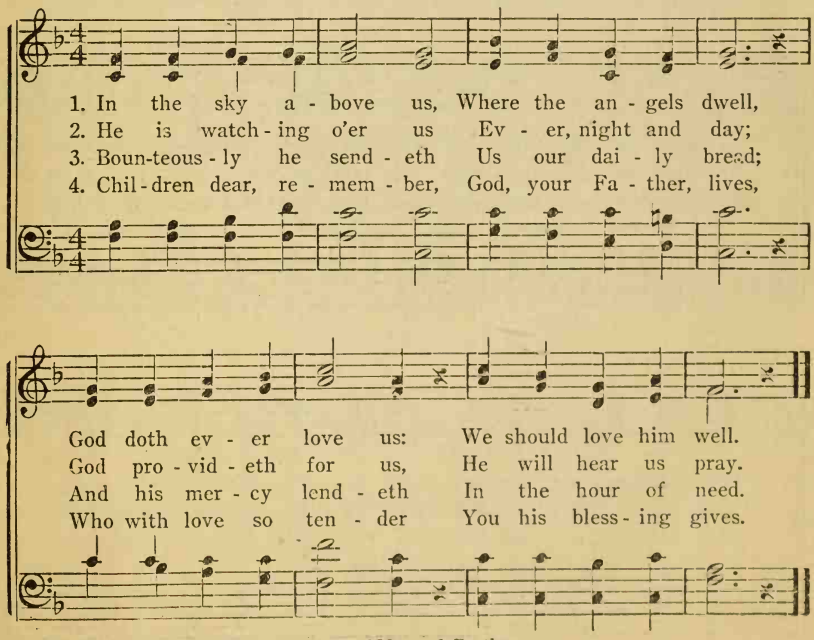
MOTIONS.—1, Point upward. 2, Raise both hands, make floating motion. 3, Move right hand quickly to and fro. 4, Hold out hands, as if giving. 5, Hold both hands outward, palms downward, as if covering something. 6, Fold hands across breast and look up. 7, Make falling motion.

Little Flakes of Snow.

CHORUS. *Lightly.*

51 In the Sky Above.

ARR. by THORO HARRIS.

1. In the sky a-bove us, Where the an-gels dwell,
2. He is watch-ing o'er us Ev-er, night and day;
3. Boun-teous-ly he send-eth Us our dai-ly bread;
4. Chil-dren dear, re-mem-ber, God, your Fa-ther, lives,
God doth ev-er love us: We should love him well.
God pro-vid-eth for us, He will hear us pray.
And his mer-cy lend-eth In the hour of need.
Who with love so ten-der You his bless-ing gives.

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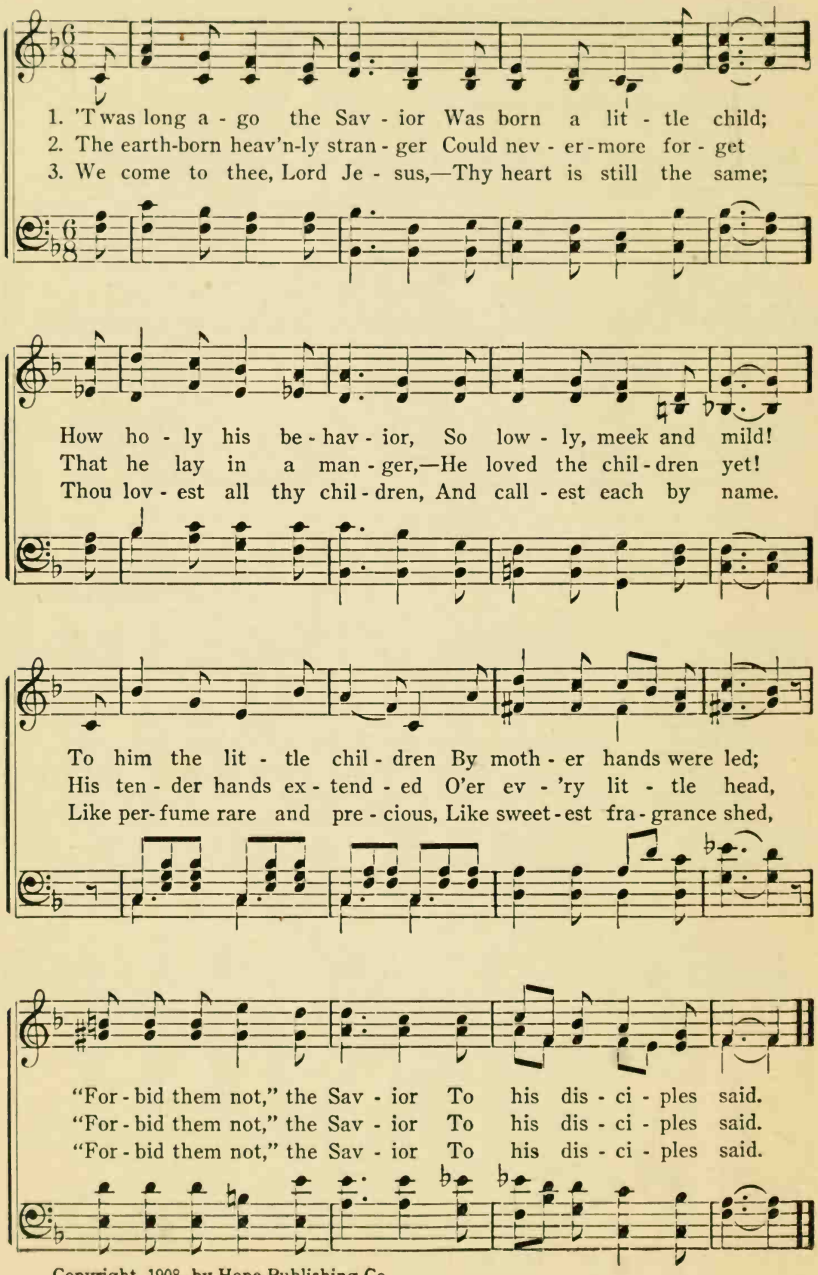
Forbid Them Not.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. 'T was long a - go the Sav - ior Was born a lit - tle child;
2. The earth-born heav'n-ly stran - ger Could nev - er - more for - get
3. We come to thee, Lord Je - sus,—Thy heart is still the same;
How ho - ly his be - hav - ior, So low - ly, meek and mild!
That he lay in a man - ger,—He loved the chil - dren yet!
Thou lov - est all thy chil - dren, And call - est each by name.
To him the lit - tle chil - dren By moth - er hands were led;
His ten - der hands ex - tend - ed O'er ev - 'ry lit - tle head,
Like per - fume rare and pre - cious, Like sweet - est fra - grance shed,
"For - bid them not," the Sav - ior To his dis - ci - ples said.
"For - bid them not," the Sav - ior To his dis - ci - ples said.
"For - bid them not," the Sav - ior To his dis - ci - ples said.

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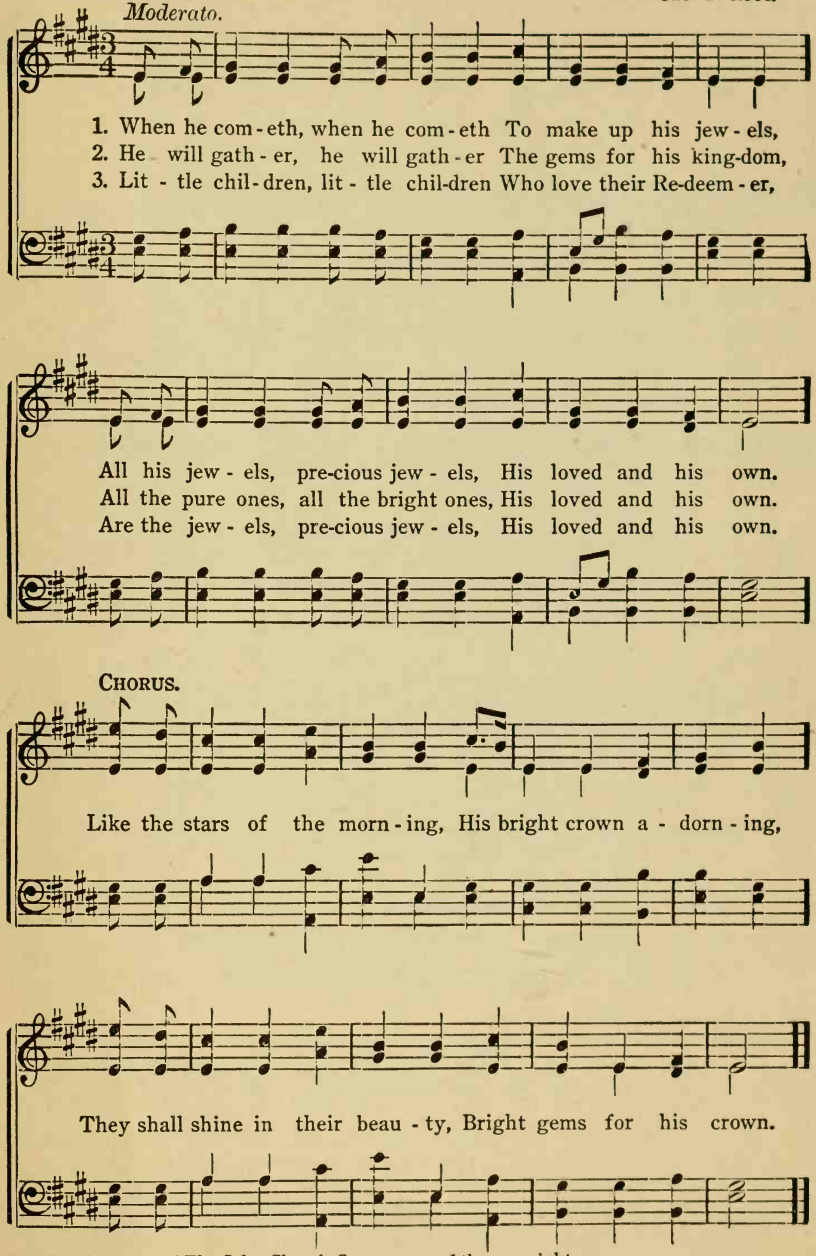
Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

Moderato.

1. When he com - eth, when he com - eth To make up his jew - els,
2. He will gath - er, he will gath - er The gems for his king-dom,
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil-dren Who love their Re-deem - er,
All his jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and his own.
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and his own.
Are the jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and his own.
Chorus.
Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing,
They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for his crown.

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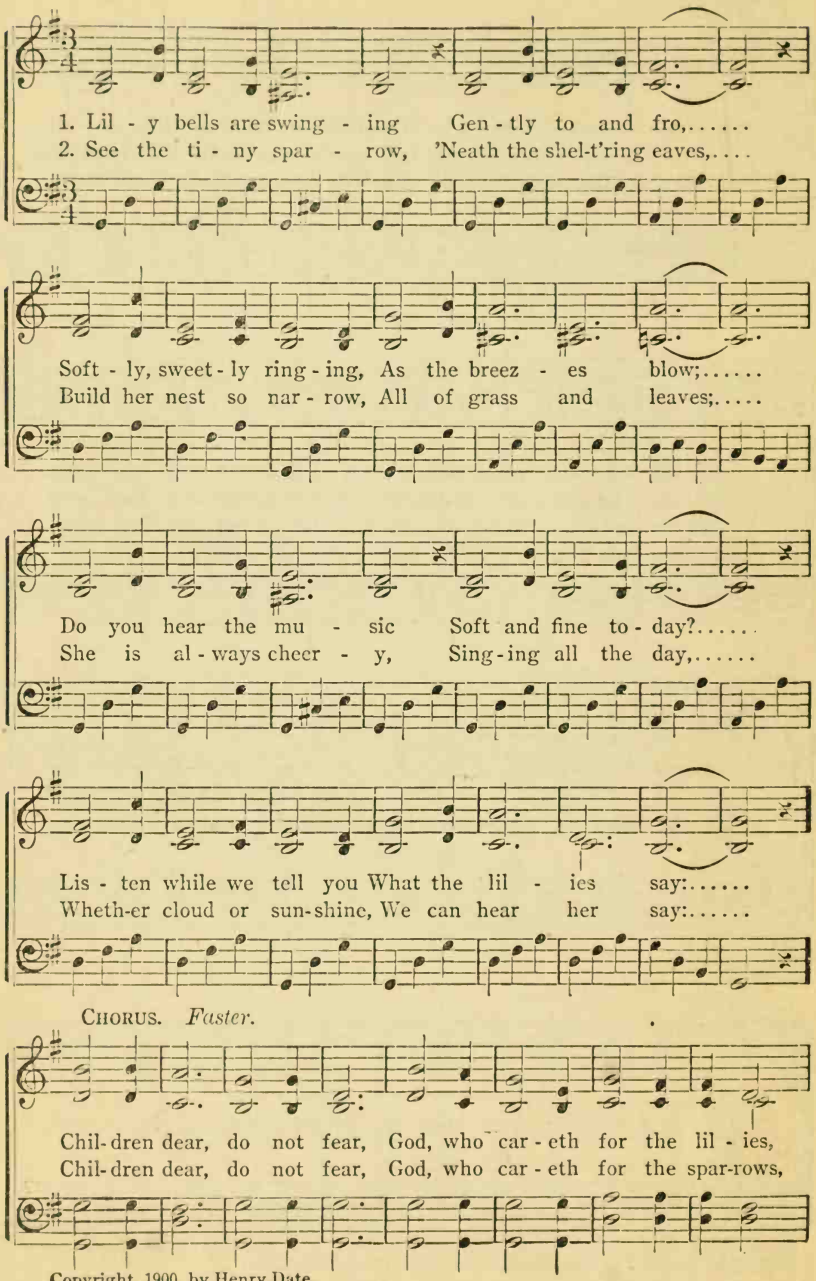
54 God Will Care for You.

JULIA E. BURNARD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lil - y bells are swing - ing Gen - tly to and fro,.....
2. See the ti - ny spar - row, 'Neath the shel-t'ring eaves,....
Soft - ly, sweet - ly ring - ing, As the breez - es blow;.....
Build her nest so nar - row, All of grass and leaves;.....
Do you hear the mu - sic Soft and fine to - day?.....
She is al - ways cheer - y, Sing - ing all the day,.....
Lis - ten while we tell you What the lil - ies say:.....
Wheth-er cloud or sun-shine, We can hear her say:.....
CHORUS. *Faster.*
Chil-dren dear, do not fear, God, who car - eth for the lil - ies,
Chil-dren dear, do not fear, God, who car - eth for the spar-rows,

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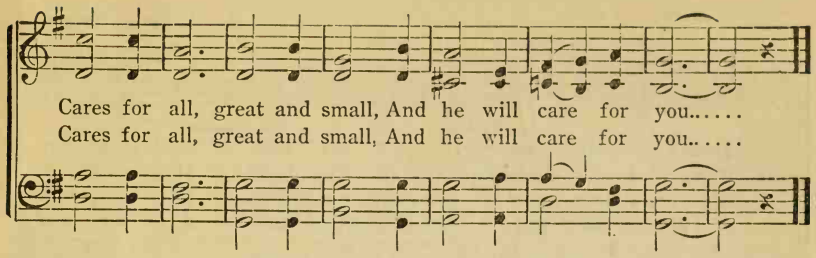
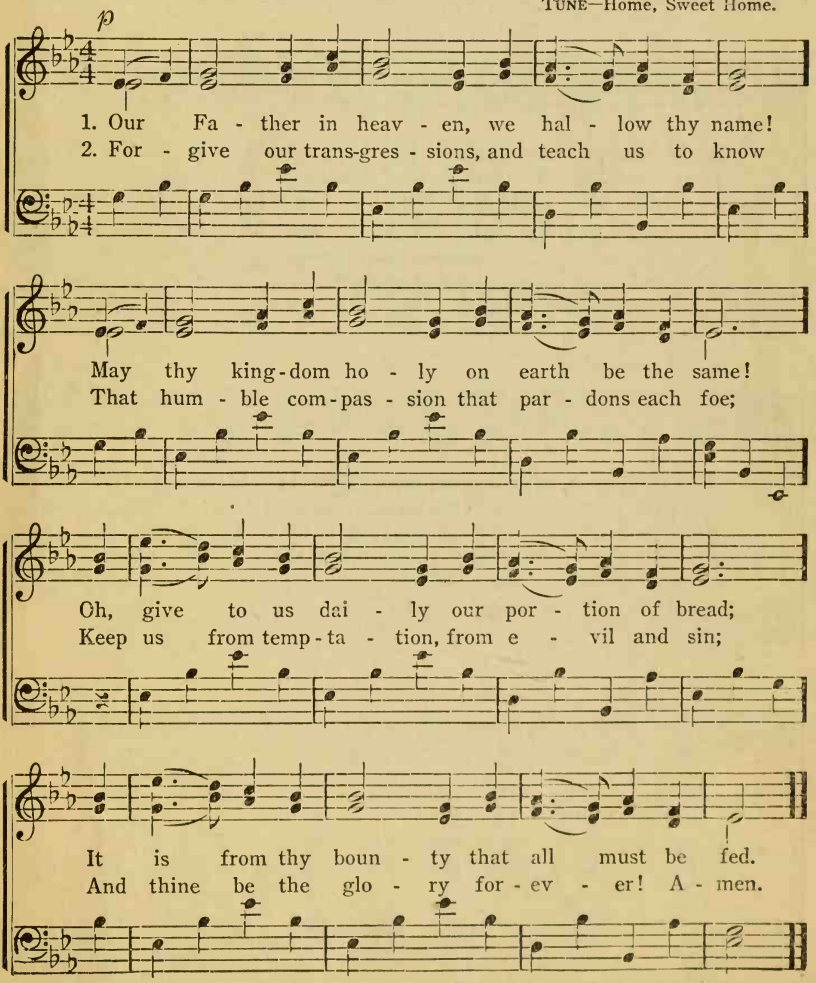
God Will Care for You.



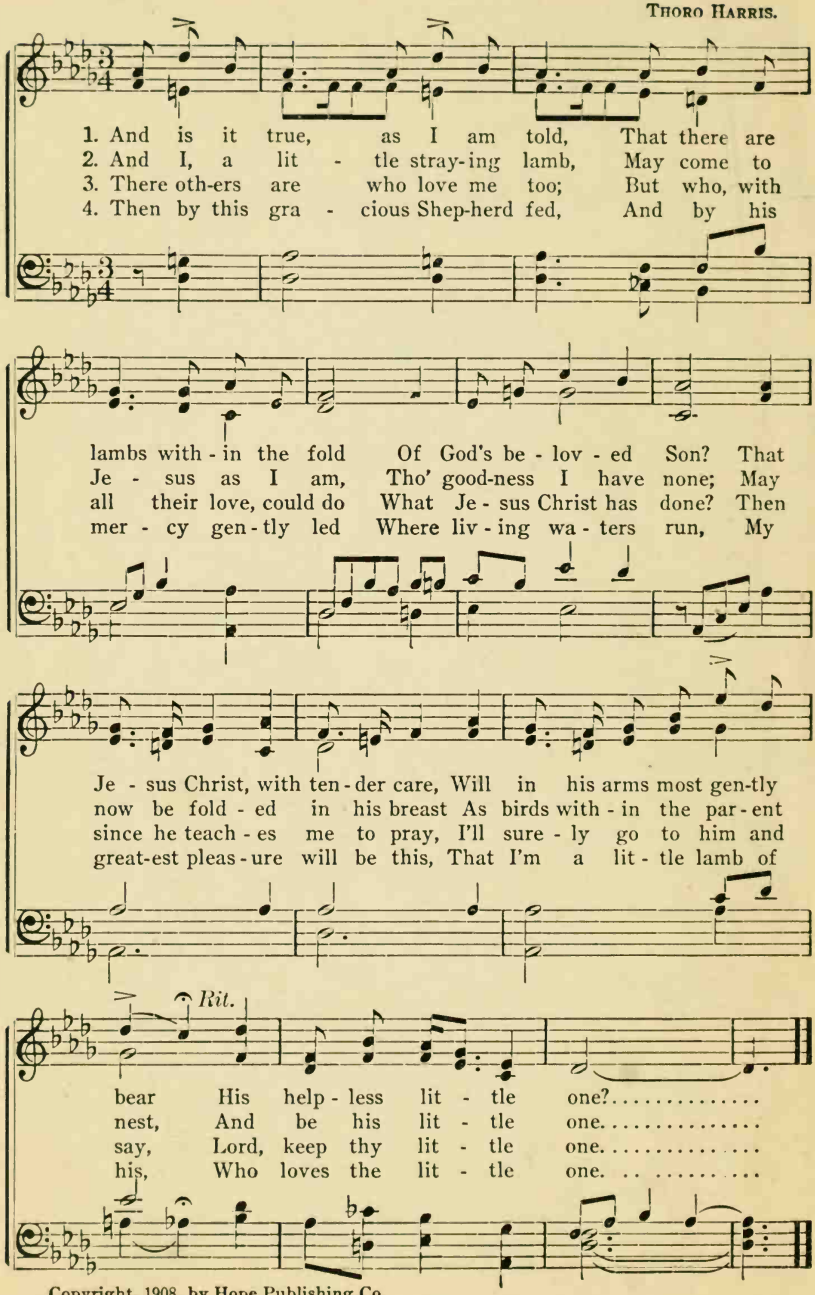
55 The Lord's Prayer.

TUNE—Home, Sweet Home.


p
1. Our Fa - ther in heav - en, we hal - low thy name!
2. For - give our trans-gres - sions, and teach us to know
May thy king-dom ho - ly on earth be the same!
That hum - ble com-pas - sion that par - dons each foe;
Oh, give to us dai - ly our por - tion of bread;
Keep us from temp-ta - tion, from e - vil and sin;
It is from thy boun - ty that all must be fed.
And thine be the glo - ry for - ev - er! A - men.

Jesus' Lamb.

THORO HARRIS.


1. And is it true, as I am told, That there are
2. And I, a lit - tle stray-ing lamb, May come to
3. There oth-ers are who love me too; But who, with
4. Then by this gra - cious Shep-herd fed, And by his
lambs with - in the fold Of God's be - lov - ed Son? That
Je - sus as I am, Tho' good-ness I have none; May
all their love, could do What Je - sus Christ has done? Then
mer - cy gen - tly led Where liv - ing wa - ters run, My
Je - sus Christ, with ten - der care, Will in his arms most gen-tly
now be fold - ed in his breast As birds with - in the par - ent
since he teach - es me to pray, I'll sure - ly go to him and
great-est pleas - ure will be this, That I'm a lit - tle lamb of
Rit.
bear His help - less lit - tle one?.....
nest, And be his lit - tle one.....
say, Lord, keep thy lit - tle one.....
his, Who loves the lit - tle one.....

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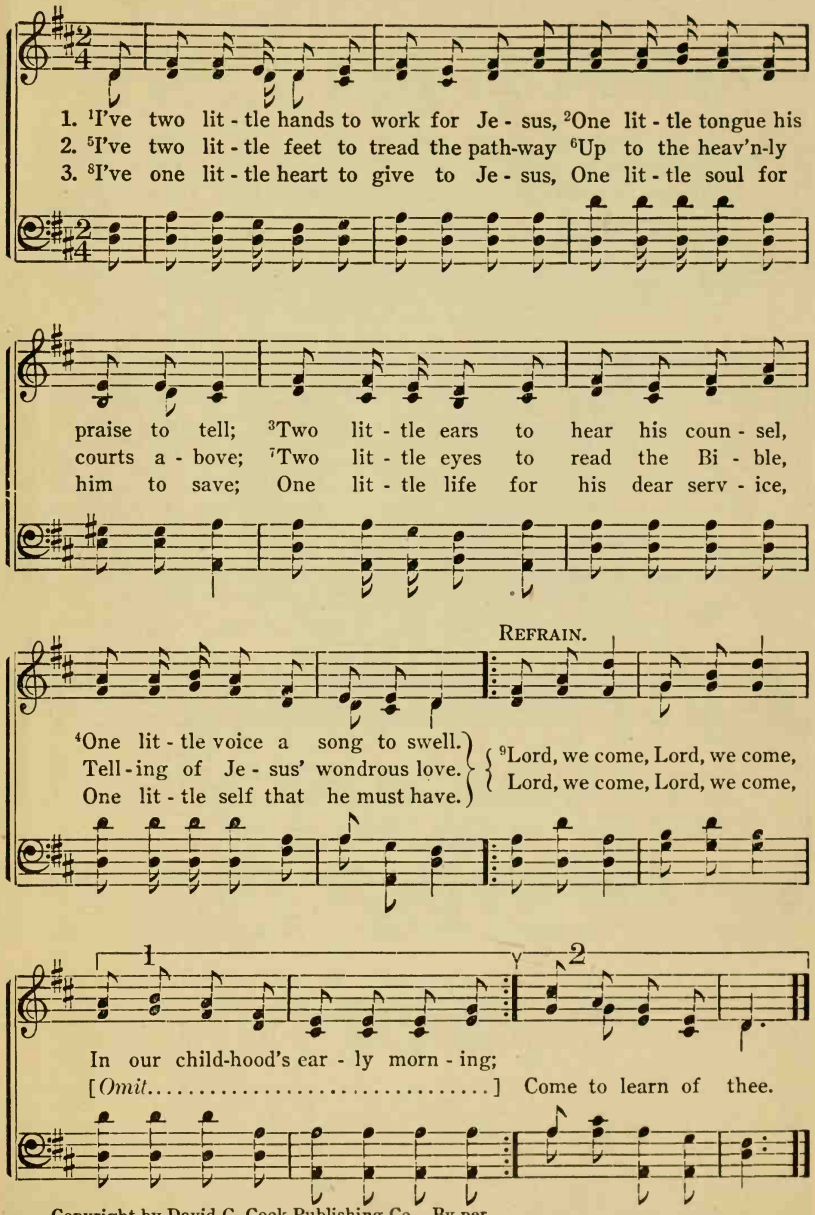
57 I've Two Little Hands to Work for Jesus.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. [1]I've two lit - tle hands to work for Je - sus, [2]One lit - tle tongue his
2. [5]I've two lit - tle feet to tread the path-way [6]Up to the heav'n-ly
3. [8]I've one lit - tle heart to give to Je - sus, One lit - tle soul for
praise to tell; [3]Two lit - tle ears to hear his coun - sel,
courts a - bove; [7]Two lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble,
him to save; One lit - tle life for his dear serv - ice,
Refrain.
[4]One lit - tle voice a song to swell.
Tell - ing of Je - sus' wondrous love.
One lit - tle self that he must have.
[9]Lord, we come, Lord, we come,
Lord, we come, Lord, we come,
1
2
In our child-hood's ear - ly morn - ing;
[Omit.....] Come to learn of thee.

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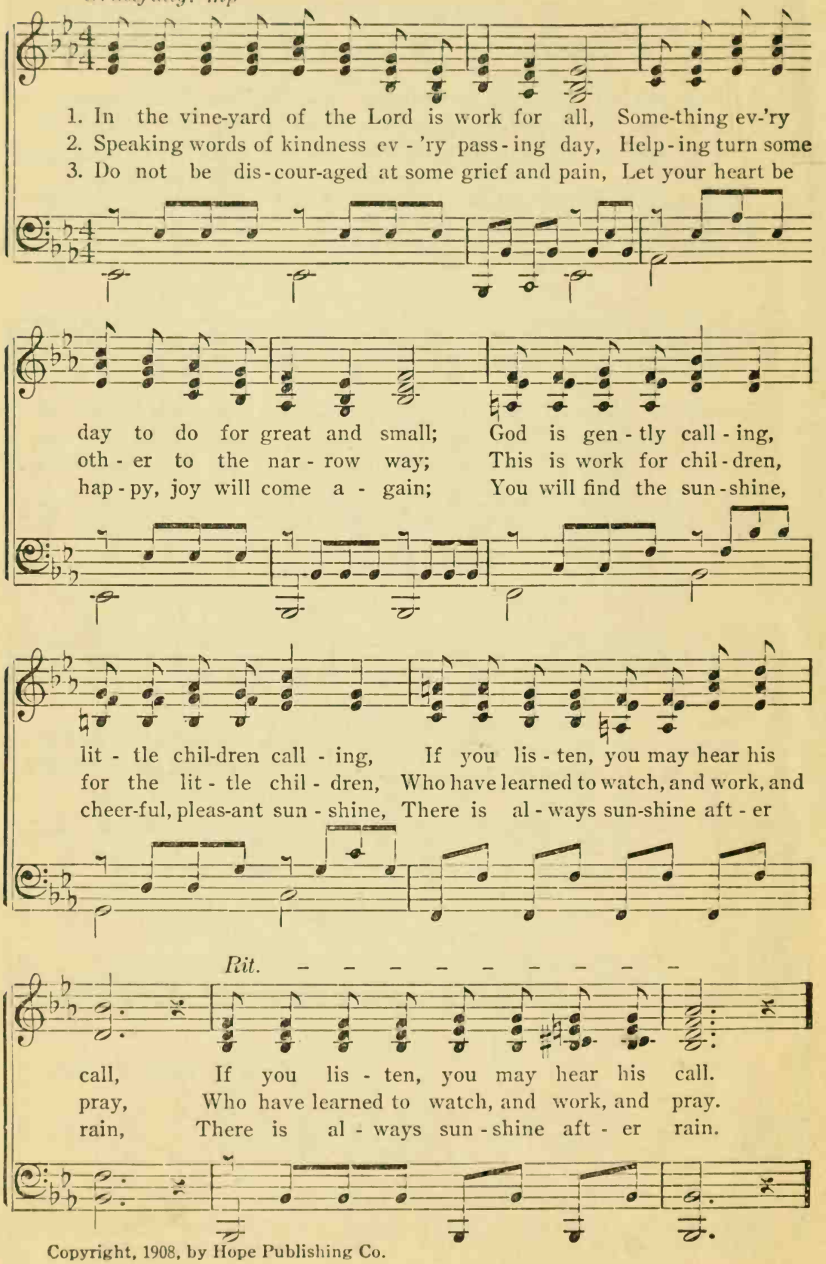
Motions.—1, Hold out hands. 2, Point to tongue. 3, Touch the ears. 4, Point to mouth. 5, Point to feet. 6, Point up. 7, Touch eyes. 8, Hand on heart. 9, Spread hands.

58 Little Children's Work Song.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Ira O. Hoffman.

Gracefully. mp


1. In the vine-yard of the Lord is work for all, Some-thing ev-'ry
2. Speaking words of kindness ev - 'ry pass - ing day, Help - ing turn some
3. Do not be dis - cour-aged at some grief and pain, Let your heart be
day to do for great and small; God is gen - tly call - ing,
oth - er to the nar - row way; This is work for chil - dren,
hap - py, joy will come a - gain; You will find the sun - shine,
lit - tle chil-dren call - ing, If you lis - ten, you may hear his
for the lit - tle chil - dren, Who have learned to watch, and work, and
cheer-ful, pleas-ant sun - shine, There is al - ways sun-shine aft - er
Rit.
call, If you lis - ten, you may hear his call.
pray, Who have learned to watch, and work, and pray.
rain, There is al - ways sun - shine aft - er rain.

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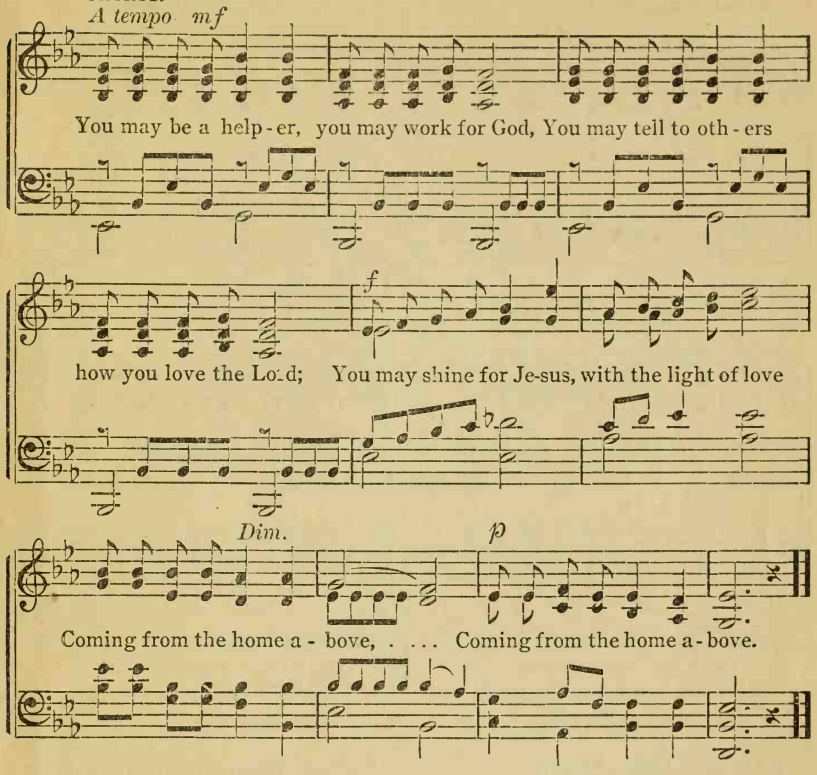
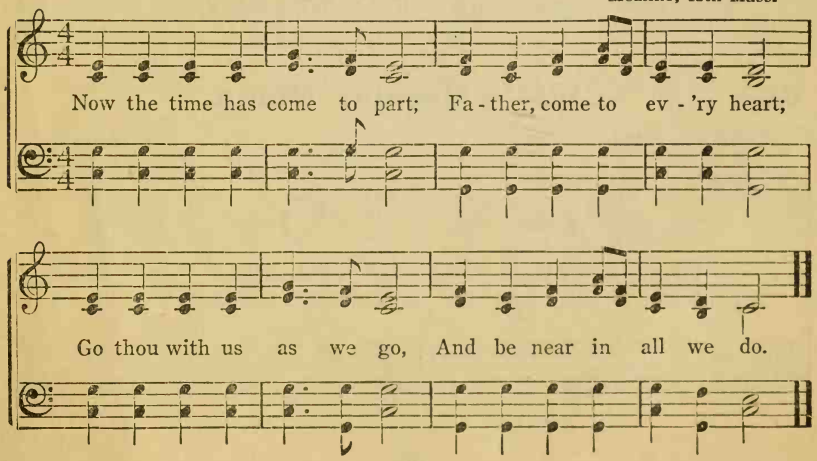
Little Children's Work Song.

CHORUS.


A tempo mf
You may be a help-er, you may work for God, You may tell to oth-ers
f
how you love the Lord; You may shine for Je-sus, with the light of love
Dim.
p
Coming from the home a-bove, ... Coming from the home a-bove.

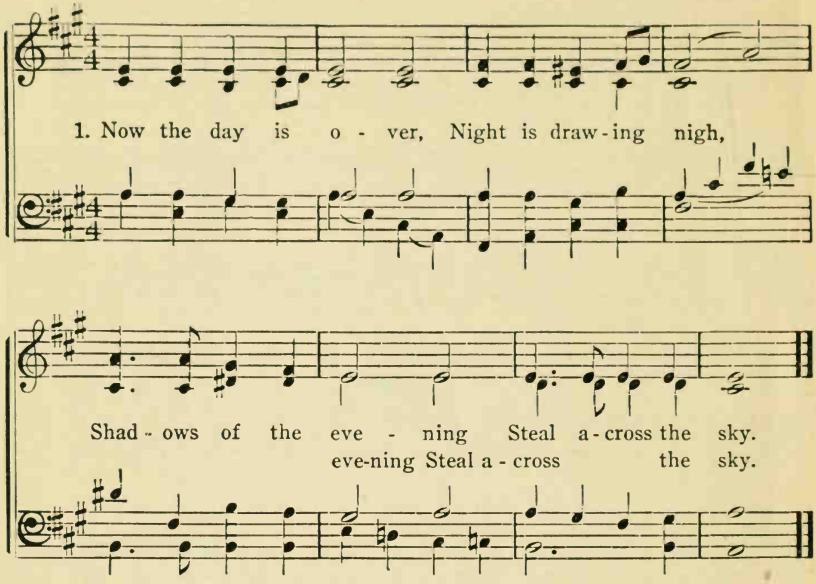
59 Now the Time Has Come to Part.

MOZART, 12th Mass.



60 Evening.

S. Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.



2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

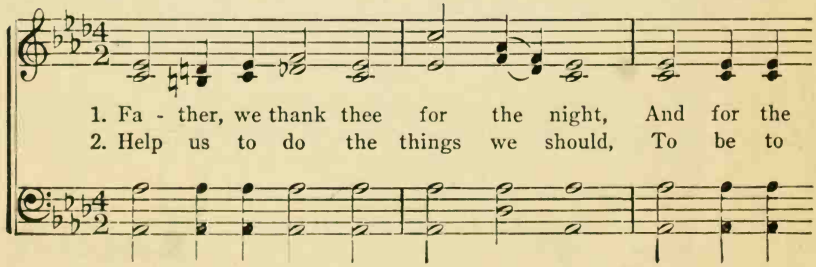
3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night-watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching 'round my bed.

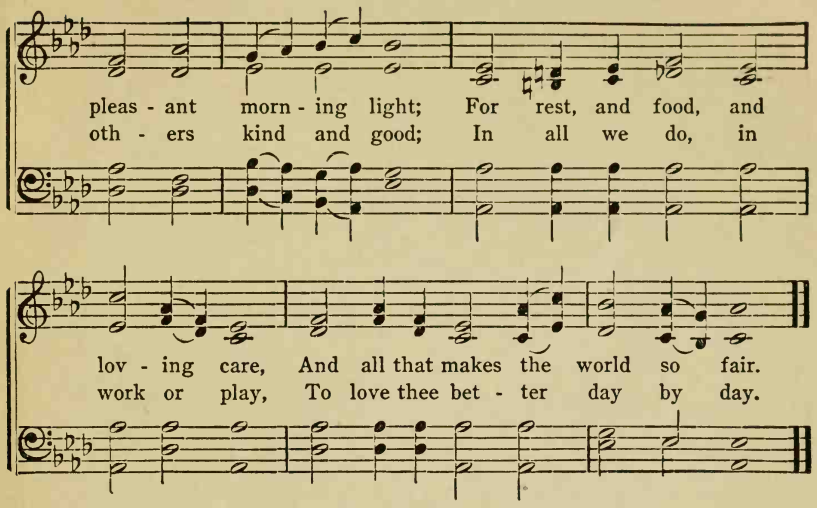
5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

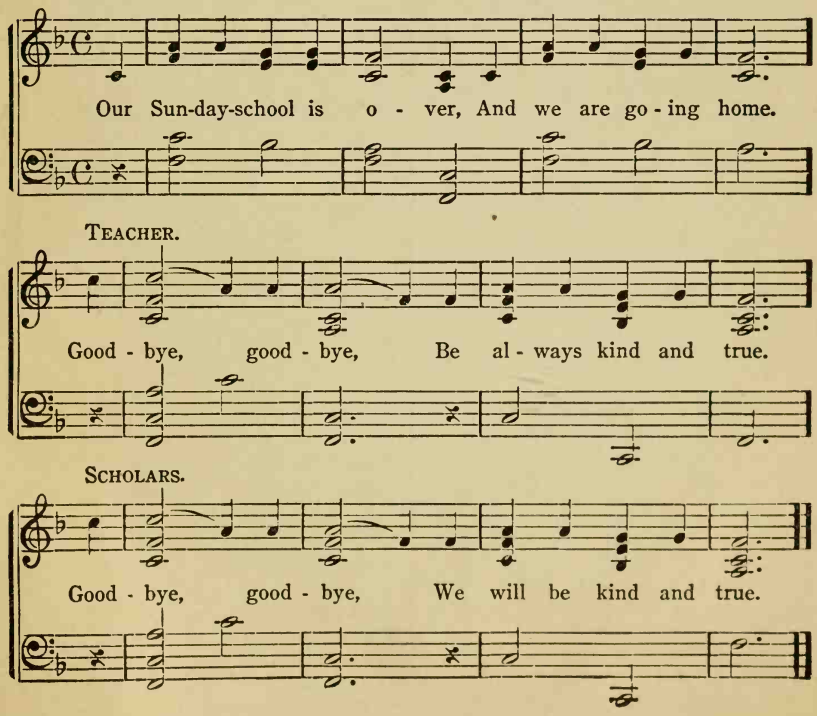
61 Child's Morning Hymn.

Rebecca J. Weston. D. Batchellor.



Child's Morning Hymn.


pleas - ant morn - ing light; For rest, and food, and
oth - ers kind and good; In all we do, in
lov - ing care, And all that makes the world so fair.
work or play, To love thee bet - ter day by day.

62 Good-bye Song.

Our Sun-day-school is o - ver, And we are go - ing home.
TEACHER.
Good - bye, good - bye, Be al - ways kind and true.
SCHOLARS.
Good - bye, good - bye, We will be kind and true.

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